

The Listener

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15c



J. Allan Cash

'... And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ...'

From *The Seasons*, by James Thomson (1700-1748)

The Art of the Possible

By Alex Comfort

The Ladder and the Tree

By William Golding

The Mystery of the Elizabethan Stage

By Richard Southern

Apart, not Together

By Penelope Mortimer



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The Nineteen-Sixties

The Art of the Possible

By ALEX COMFORT

WHEN we talk about future scientific developments most of us, research men and others, are thinking of new fundamental discoveries which may be made, or new techniques, or at least new applications. What I have to say is relevant to these, but I am thinking primarily about possibilities of a different kind—the possibilities which Andrew Shonfield outlined in a previous talk*. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said that law is what the courts will actually do. For my purposes here, scientific progress means what we, what our culture, will actually do during the next ten years.

Let me put it like this. Through the applications of science the expectation of life in most of western Europe has risen over the last two centuries from about thirty years at birth to about seventy years. A child, even an under-privileged child, in Holland or Britain, or in New Zealand, can therefore now expect to grow up, to avoid fatal disease in early adulthood, to produce children who will grow up, and to reach middle age. He can reasonably expect to do this without ever having experienced actual starvation, without ever having been exposed to plague, typhus, cholera, or smallpox; without losing a wife in childbirth or a child in infancy; and without ever having depended for a living on the kind of physical exertion which Gorki saw, as a boy, among the Volga hauliers. These are minimal expectations: familiarity makes us forget just how unusual they are in human experience.

All these expectations depend on existing knowledge and techniques. In the next ten years they could perfectly well, so far as practical considerations are concerned, be made available to the majority of human beings. We have them: at the same time we all know well that if things go on as they are, they will not be made available.

In fact, let us limit it still more. Let us take three treatable diseases. It would be possible, I think beyond any question, to guarantee that at the end of this decade there will be no untreated cases of leprosy, yaws, or malaria in the Commonwealth. This is a relatively modest objective: it presents no unusual difficulties. It is a scientific possibility in the sense that it could be done, beginning tomorrow. I am suggesting that I know as well as you do that as things are it will not be done.

Why not? Not for lack of theoretical background; not for lack of physical resources—not because of practical difficulties in the field. If it could in some devious way be represented as a military project, if, in fact, public health workers could conspire to convince the authorities that these diseases were not natural, but put there by the Russians, we all know it would be done in two years, not ten.

I want to go into the natural history of this blockage between feasibility and realization in our science: first, because it is coming to have effects not only in practical contexts like those I quoted, but in fundamental contexts as well; secondly, because I think it is simpler than it is commonly said to be; and, thirdly, because apart from determining what concrete gains we are likely to make in human health and happiness during the nineteen-sixties it is at present determining whether we survive the decade at all. One of the most satisfactory ways of obscuring an issue is to say that it is being over-simplified: in this particular case, to call the whole of human economic and social behaviour in evidence to prove that there is nothing to be done about it. The striking success of Marxism in inducing people to act has lain in an over-simplification of this kind which went far enough to be fruitful. It pointed out that the reason that the discoveries of the nineteenth century were not being made more widely available

was because, in that century, nobody was prepared, by and large, to do anything which did not pay them.

That, so far as it goes, is still real—but it is not now the main obstruction to science, either here or in the Marxist countries. In fact, as I will show, the problem in both ideological camps is now similar. But let us stick to our own for the moment. When public health experts discuss the chance of getting something done, they do not as a rule ask whom it can be made to pay. But I have heard them perfectly seriously asking whom it will be necessary to frighten, and what aggressive or destructive fantasy they will have to link it with.

This puts its finger, I think, on the point. The Swiss criminologist Reiwald drew a distinction between satisfactory and unsatisfactory crimes. Rape, murder, and sexual aberrations are satisfactory crimes: smuggling, swindling, driving when drunk, are unsatisfactory crimes—they do not produce the same glow, either of curiosity or of righteousness. Our culture is now drawing exactly the same distinction between satisfactory and unsatisfactory science, in its priorities and in what, as against its pretensions, it is actually doing. Satisfactory science now means the spectacular, the humane which can be dramatized or sentimentalized, and projects which either allay anxieties, real or imaginary (cancer research or 'defence' for instance), or which excite them. The choice, in other words, bears no relation to purpose or to reality. Nuclear weapons, of course, are pre-eminently satisfactory. This response to them is not confined to the bloodthirsty or the deranged—it occurs in liberal intellectuals: I am sure Arthur Koestler will not mind if I say that when he spoke earlier in this series* he made me wonder just a little whether if he had not had the threat of incineration to live under it would not have been necessary to invent one under which he could have lived with equal unction. The reason that the abolition of yaws or the provision of protein in African diets is not likely to be realized at more than a snail's pace is that in Reiwald's terms they are not satisfactory.

'Satisfactory' Crimes and Projects

Satisfactory to whom? In one sense, no doubt, to all of us, because we know from psycho-analytical research that this type of response is one to which all human beings are susceptible. In Freudian terms, I would agree, the factors which make crimes and projects 'satisfactory' are identical. The point I want to make, however, is that it is false to suggest that we are all to blame, or that this pathological system of priorities has been created by the popular demand and simply embodies original sin. Patently neurotic considerations are steering our civilization in its most important technical decisions, but the selection of policies which are being enacted, of projects which are taking the lion's share of our technical powers, is being determined almost wholly by the opportunity of play therapy, of acting out, which they offer to an extremely small number of people. The choices may well express public fantasies. But, as Koestler said, the public was not the prime mover in insisting on diverting energy to them. It was not even told when the decisions were made. Self-dramatization is certainly catching for all of us, but it is demonstrably false that we are all responsible for the decisions. Not only were we not consulted—elaborate measures are taken to see that we do not anticipate or alter the choices made.

The point is not that this generation is governed by particularly corrupt men—either here or in Russia, America, France, and China. It is rather that the advent of science with its present force and possibilities has transformed the so-called 'art of the possible'.

The process we know as government, which now determines national policies, has always been composed of two halves—a side with some organizational bearing on real events and purposes, and a side concerned solely with self-dramatization in some or all of the power-holders. This is in no sense a new problem. But the balance between the two sides has changed rapidly in the last few years with the development of complex scientific cultures. In this generation much which used to be a matter of intuitive opinion has become open to operational methods. Decisions in all practical fields are now taken purposively in this way, except the few key, *directional* decisions, between guns and butter, or purpose and

nonsense. We have a society which is, as it were, decapitated: it has vast technical resources, brilliantly maintained, directed and allocated not to achieve purposes but by experts in the art of *preventing* the possible so that they can divert these resources in the interests of what is, effectively, play therapy.

Rulers appointed by Public Theatrical Competition

The effects of parliamentary democracy have been in many ways unexpected. Since it now appoints rulers by public theatrical competition it tends to act as a personality sieve, which selectively promotes people with an ingrained wish to use public affairs in this manner. Since under these conditions the first—and, as we see it in the modern English parties, virtually the only—object of policy is to stay in office, even those who might otherwise have ideas beyond self-dramatization are obliged to concentrate on this, and on 'satisfactory' policies which are the easiest both to promote and to conduct by Barnum and Bailey methods: with the result that while Marxist governments are at least directional in their planning, no Western government has at the moment any policies, other than military ones, which extend beyond the next general election: and, finally, since most administrative and organizational matters now require knowledge, government as conducted by Cabinets is becoming increasingly drained of practical relevance and, indeed, of all content apart from its value as psycho-drama.

The world which is envisaged by the art of preventing the possible is both familiar and unattractive. It is, in fact, the landscape of the comic strip. There is little or no reference to the business of ordinary life at all; instead we have a peculiar mental territory studded with Freudian but otherwise useless projectiles and the enormously costly equivalent of tin soldiers, blistered with satisfactory 'summits' and pitted with satisfactory crises to justify them, traversed by negligible V.I.P.s in the tunic of Superman, and enlivened with the perpetual, deeply satisfactory shadow of annihilation under which little men, like adolescents with flick knives, look and feel big. In doing so, not only do they prevent the possible, but they provide the equipment by which real and dangerous psychotics, which they are not, or even mere accident, may translate satisfactory fantasy into real genocide and real suicide. This is an even more dangerous situation than the unregenerate capitalist condition in which the possible was contingent on private acquisitiveness—profit at least was a reality-centred notion, and though it might lead to murder it did not usually lead to intentional suicide. None of the present mythology of priorities is related to reality at all. Cardboard missiles would serve the same purposes more cheaply and without running our present risks. Instead we have the astounding sight of the whole vast technical and intellectual effort of man being diverted down the drain of a few individuals' imaginations—pyramid-building, but in a form which endangers the actual survival of the species.

Science in the Communist Countries

I have been discussing this in terms of our own culture: in the Communist countries the same problem has taken a different form which is far more traditional: the demand for intellectual conformity. There, ever since Lenin, the constructive uses of science have been treated as a source of public prestige, and the results, as we have seen, have been real and remarkable. Their power-holders have used science for real purposes, but have tried to tamper with its content, while ours have left it free but used it chiefly for pathological projects. Our version is now the more physically dangerous, but theirs began to affect the validity of science for any purpose. I rather think that it is in the Marxist world, rather than here, that the initial battle has begun to be fought consciously between the demands of real purpose in science and pathological fantasy in the direction of human affairs.

This conflict of the purposes of living with irrational authority is, I think, manifestly the most important process for this generation, and the very existence of our political liberties may handicap us in our perception of it by making us confuse irrationality with tyranny. In spite of differences of all kinds, the problem is now becoming essentially the same in all cultures: how are we to control the psychopathology of normal people in office?

(continued on page 547)

The Opening of the Geneva Conference

Possibilities and obstacles

I—Early Days

By F. D. WALKER,

B.B.C. special correspondent

THE RUSSIANS DO NOT BELIEVE the Americans want disarmament; the Americans do not believe the Russians want control. That has been said of the disarmament negotiations for years past. And there were signs at the first meeting of this new committee of ten nations that some reproaches of the old kind were going to be levelled again. Mr. Zorin, of the Soviet Union, and his colleagues from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria had first a sentence or two of attack for West Germany and its ideas of bases in Spain, or for Nato and its plan for a joint nuclear armed force; then each of them said of the new Western proposals that on first impression they did not really provide for general and complete disarmament. The phrase 'general and complete' was used over and over again; but Mr. Khrushchev's plan, each of them said, introduced to the United Nations as long as six months ago, did provide for general and complete disarmament. And why, they asked, had the Western Powers set no time scheme for their plan? Mr. Khrushchev had set four years for his. And there were uncompromising echoes of the past in a few of the sentences used on the opening day by Mr. Eaton, the delegate of the United States. A disarmed world was not necessarily a secure world, and the security of the world required that there be no disarmament without commensurate inspection.

But in the so-called private meetings since then the atmosphere has been rather good. The Western delegates themselves have granted that the questions asked at these sessions by the Communists about the Western plan have been serious and business-like, and serious and business-like answers will be given to them.

By Mr. Khrushchev's plan, reintroduced unchanged here, within four years we are to have seen the very last of the last general and sergeant and raw recruit. But about how precisely the international control referred to is to be effective in ensuring that all these people will find their present employment no longer open to them, and all their weapons destroyed, there is scarcely a hint. As for the new Western Powers' plan, its horizon, although rather differently drawn, is little less distant than Mr. Khrushchev's. It looks to an international institution of the future to keep the peace in a disarmed world, an organization, as Mr. Ormsby-Gore has explained, with machinery for conciliation but also with power to impose sanctions. The vague outline is sketched for us of a Security Council re-created, but one that works, one without a veto.

But the British imagination here, given expression to by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, and following, perhaps, in the wake of the French one, has been soaring more into other heights. It is on those objects, the Sputniks and Pioneers, as they ring the earth now in their elliptical orbits, and on what they in their courses forebode, that Mr. Ormsby-Gore has enlarged. 'It's unquestionably possible now', he says, 'to put objects into orbit weighty enough to carry nuclear weapons, but it is fortunately not possible, so far, to direct their return with their cargo upon a certain spot on earth. But that may not remain impossible for long. This second chance, therefore, must not be missed, as the first was missed more than a dozen years ago, when the Russians refused the Baruch plan, and so opened the way to the atomic arms race.

'We must ensure', says Mr. Ormsby-Gore, 'that nuclear weapons are never put into orbit round the world by anyone'.

And so the beginning of the conference of the ten—I think it may be said with some confidence—has not been too discouraging. Members of both sides have already been speaking on the points of similarity in the two great far-ranging plans. For one thing, provision is made in both for involving other countries in the disarming process. Communist China, for example, is mentioned explicitly in the Russian plan, implicitly in the Western one.



Members of the Soviet delegation to the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva. Left to right in front: General A. Gryzlov, Mr. V. Zorin, and Mr. A. Roshchin

II—The Attitude of China

By ANTHONY LAWRENCE,

B.B.C. correspondent in Hong Kong

SEVERAL TIMES THIS YEAR the Chinese Communist Government has said it will not be bound by any agreement on disarmament which it did not sign and help to write. This was first stated in a resolution of the National People's Congress Standing Committee in January—a resolution which also applauded Russian announcements of further army reductions, declared support of total disarmament, and violently attacked the U.S. Government, which it accused of expanding armaments, preparing for war, and obstructing agreement on disarmament by all possible means. These words were repeated by Kang Sheng, the Chinese observer at the meeting of the Warsaw Pact countries in Moscow last month.

What is the level of China's own armaments? Little official information is published, though intelligent sources all over the Far East have their own varying ideas. First: nuclear weapons. China does not make them herself. Progress has been made in atomic research. There is a reactor in Peking and another plant in Tientsin, but so far as is known China is lacking in the particularly specialized industrial build-up required for the manufacture of nuclear weapons. It is possible that she has been given them by her Russian allies: there is a strong conviction among Japanese intelligence agencies that there is a stock-pile of nuclear weapons in China under close Russian control. American sources, however, have always discounted such reports.

But in conventional arms, Russian help to China has been on a massive scale in the past and is still important. Apart from supplies of equipment, Russian advisers have helped with the reorganization of the Chinese Army, now one of the most formidable in the world. This army, according to a recent Peking broadcast, has been cut down by 2,750,000 men in the eight years ending 1958; but its present strength is still estimated to be

about 2,500,000 men, organized in 160 divisions, with another 15,000,000 in reserve and possibly another 200,000,000 in the militia receiving part-time military training in the communes. The Chinese Air Force is believed to have about 3,000 aircraft, but to be weak in bomber units. Many observers believe that the Russians are no more anxious to equip their Chinese allies with large-scale bombing strength than the Americans are in the case of President Chiang Kai-shek. But it is known that Chinese Communist fighter pilots have been undergoing intensive training, and there have been reports that the Communist MIG jets have now been equipped with a protective device against the American

Sidewinder missiles which gave the Chinese Nationalist pilots such superiority during the Formosa flare-up of 1958.

But the strength of the Chinese armed forces is by no means wholly concentrated on military training. Many army and air force units are being used in the communes and the more remote areas in industrial and farm work as a kind of stiffening security element in the great development plan. This, then, is roughly the picture presented by the armed forces of Communist China—a country of 650,000,000 whose Government's signature would be necessary to make any world disarmament agreement a workable proposition.—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Utilitarianism and Empire in India

By RAGHAVAN IYER

THE role of the British in India has sometimes been compared to that of the Romans in their empire. Both were historic instruments of cultural diffusion and political unification. But these similarities cannot do as much credit to the British Empire as its overriding dissimilarity in one essential respect: the general sense of guilt, of recurring moral doubt about the validity of the imperial mission. As long as the sense of guilt was irrepressible, the urge for self-justification was also inescapable. To the subject peoples, the insistence on moral idealism rather than on material advantage, on the part of their conquerors, appeared to be either self-deception or hypocrisy. But to the ruling race, the question, 'What right here gives its sanction to might?' could be answered, in all sincerity, in terms of 'their solemn duty to serve the interests of the ruled', to protect their subjects from their own weaknesses and from the designs of ambitious men. Such an answer at least shows that those who propounded it were sufficiently developed morally to admit that there was a question to be answered.

A Doctrine with Two Faces

If the Roman Empire unintentionally spread Christianity more than paganism, the British can be said to have disseminated the gospel of utilitarianism rather than of Christianity. But in practice it was a doctrine with two faces; utilitarian considerations are not necessarily the basis of representative democracy and liberal capitalism. They can be equally employed to justify authoritarian régimes and enlightened despotism. Interference with the negative liberties of others can be justified not only in terms of idealistic metaphysics, of higher selves and real wills, but also by reference to their own real and long-term interests of which they may be unaware. Once, however, this utilitarian element enters into the notion of liberty, this danger of justifiable coercion arises. It could then be argued that a man may (or must) be trained how to choose and how to know what his needs and all his wants are. More generally and plausibly, an imperialist could claim that he can protect the liberties of his subjects better than they could do by themselves or through representatives of their own race and nationality. It is not, therefore, surprising that the nationalist has to retaliate against a theory of paternal utilitarianism with an assertion of transferred natural rights, by claiming that the sanctity of individual personality and of national status are one and the same.

The paternal element in British utilitarianism easily lent itself to imperial ends as well as to theories of self-justification. Imperial experience in its turn further weakened and sometimes destroyed the feeling for the liberal element in utilitarianism. To Milner, both the British Constitution and the party system were 'antiquated and bad' as they undermined the effectiveness of positive government. Fitzjames Stephen, who was more Hobbesian than even Bentham or Austin, could claim that John Stuart Mill had perverted the pure doctrine of his father by yoking it to popular liberalism. The task of government, according to him, was to impose the ideal of happiness of a gifted ruling class upon

a passive majority that had to be saved from its own anarchic tendencies. But such ideas, like the earlier nabobs and latter-day sahibs who returned to England, were strangers in the land of their birth. In an era of expanding trade the rising power of the middle classes was hostile to bureaucratic government. Liberalism at home could thus coexist with benevolent despotism abroad. The empire represented a compromise between conflicting principles, summed up by Disraeli as *Imperium et Libertas*.

In the resultant attitude to empire, we can identify diverse elements. There was the noble 'Roman' element, the desire to maintain the rule of law and to cherish the *pax Britannica*, the sheer concern for good government in the most mundane sense but on a grand scale. Secondly, there was the racial element, the doctrine of the chosen people, the belief that the English were divinely appointed to bear the white man's burden for the benefit of those beyond the pale. 'Progress and reaction', declared Disraeli, 'are but words . . . all is race'. This notion was combined with the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest and later on was popularized by Kipling. Thirdly, there was the aggressive or 'Prussian' element, the pride in military power, the requirement of docility in the ruled, the justification of occasional severity to crush opposition to the régime. This element was rather thin but it did exist, as was shown, for instance, by some of the arguments used to justify General Dyer's action at Amritsar in 1919. Finally, there was the Radical or nonconformist element of atonement and expiation. Bright argued that if the British were willing to prepare for the time when India would have her own government, they would be endeavouring 'to make amends for the original crime upon which much of our power in India is founded, and for the many mistakes which have been made by men whose intentions have been good'.

Four Distinct Strands

Such attitudes to empire are hardly susceptible to more exact definition; fortunately we are on firmer ground when we come to the principles and theories of imperial government. I have already mentioned in passing the predominantly utilitarian character of the British approach to empire; but when we examine this more closely we can distinguish, I think, four distinct strands: the Burkean doctrine of imperial trusteeship; the Benthamite theory of state activity as propagated and modified by the two Mills; the Platonic conception of a ruling élite that would act as wise guardians; and the Evangelical zeal to spread the Christian gospel so as to save the souls of a perversely unresponsive people. All four theories formed part of the English intellectual climate of their time; all four, when transplanted to India, displayed the same mixture of good and bad in practice. The noble Burkean doctrine could be distorted, especially at times of stress, by the Prussian element: the trustees, in fact, could sometimes become overbearing. The Benthamite doctrine could degenerate into Hobbesian coercion and concentration of power; but it was also sublimated by the Roman element into a theory of legal unification and state philanthropy. The Platonic doctrine was at times

enhanced by a Whig belief in liberalism and progress: but it was also perverted by the racial element in British imperialism into the concept of a chosen people. The Evangelical doctrine gave rise to many religious fears and resentments amongst Indians; but it was fortunately counterbalanced by the Christian notion of atonement which required that a believer should be concerned with his own sins as much as with saving the souls of others.

The Burkean doctrine of trusteeship was essentially conservative. It usually went with a reverence for the past, a distrust of theory. It meant in practice an unwillingness to trust the subjects to do anything for themselves. The trustees assumed that they alone knew and loved the real India. What began as an under-estimation of the new Indian intelligentsia became in time a fierce phobia. If the Burkean doctrine appeared in course of time to be a formula borrowed from the missionary by the politician to cover up the naked fact of domination, this was really because of the growing sense of alienation between rulers and ruled. For this reason the theory of trusteeship must eventually break down, while providing inspiration and a private moral code to the finest spirits among the wielders of power.

The Benthamites

When we turn to the Benthamites, we find that they also had a large forward-looking conception of what they were trying to achieve. Benthamite utilitarianism was not merely responsible for many social reforms and material benefits; it also introduced a spirit of scepticism and curiosity, of innovation and initiative, a spirit that was badly needed in a decadent and apathetic society. The utilitarian doctrine, however, had little use for representative institutions. Could an imperial authority, administered from afar through alien officials, be properly aware of the wants and interests of the people? Was it not too optimistic to assume a constant identity of interests between rulers and ruled? These questions arise because an empire could never achieve in practice the unity and social cohesion that might exist within a nation. But the utilitarians made the exercise of absolute power subject to self-imposed rules, so that it ceased to be arbitrary and became dependable. A bridge was thus provided between the power impulse of colonial administrations and Burke's exacting notion of moral responsibility. While the trustee took pride in his intentions and his sense of responsibility, the utilitarian relied on results and his sense of achievement.

It was Jowett who showed how the Platonic doctrine of guardianship could be applied to India. The advantages of the Platonic model were not only propagandist but also practical. It helped the ruling class and the ruling race to believe in its mission and its destiny. It facilitated the education and the discipline of the civil service. Moreover it fostered standards of fairness within the framework of a system that took despotic power and prestige for granted. If the guardians were aloof, so were their willing and unwilling wards alike. If they became an exclusive caste, they could claim to be following the example of the Hindus. Apart from anything else, they did not mind—in fact almost took pride in—being disliked. The Platonic model was sustained by the comforting belief that the British guardians could never be replaced from among a people who were looked upon as 'eternal Peter Pans'. Instinctive race prejudice was raised to the status of a doctrine. Every Indian was regarded as incorrigibly corrupt or inherently inefficient or both.

Guardianship was in itself a grand ideal in terms of its own assumptions. These were, however, naturally unacceptable to a mature if corrupt civilization. In any case, it was extremely difficult for the best of guardians to serve two masters, to fulfil equally his duties to India and to England. As Sir Bartle Frere saw, there was something wrong about a policy which treated imperial subjects 'as at best *in statu pupillari*, to be ruled, taught and perhaps petted, but to be excluded from all real power or influence . . . and to be governed . . . according to our latest English notion of what is best for them'.

Burkean trustees, Platonic guardians, even Benthamite utilitarians from the very beginning, sought and received an additional sanction in the supernatural. British rule in India had to be seen as an act of providence rather than a mere accident of history. Evangelicalism gave a sense of urgency, an intensity of zeal and a largeness of scope, to British imperialism in India. Its real weak-

ness was that it assumed that all the giving and serving were on one side and all the receiving and the need were on the other. The Evangelical belief that legislation was powerless to change human nature was, of course, an antidote against utilitarian legalism. The faith of the Evangelicals in Anglicization undermined the Burkean veneration for Indian tradition. Their view of education as a universal panacea counteracted to some extent the hierarchical notion of a Platonic élite. It is a paradox that evangelicalism, which took the initiative in the West for the physical emancipation of slaves, was able at the same time to provide in the East the justification for the political enslavement of free men.

The interaction between the four doctrines is too subtle and complex to be reduced to any simple scheme. There were affinities as well as contradictions between all of them, but collectively they had continuing force and even a strange unity. It was natural that trusteeship should appeal especially to the British parliament, utilitarianism to the imperial government in India, guardianship to the civil service, and evangelicalism to non-official educational bodies. More generally, Burke provided a moral code, Bentham a programme, Plato an attitude of mind, and Wilberforce a transcendental sanction. All these were somehow needed if the feeling for principle was to come to terms with the facts of power, while reason had to serve as well as to restrain emotion. The four chief doctrines produced the strange result that the imperial rulers, who could not put their trust in princes or in politicians, unintentionally helped to democratize India, while adhering to their own polite form of autocratic government. All four doctrines were held with the utmost sincerity; this the cynics, who claim superior honesty, can deny only at the expense of truth. The apologists, who claim superior knowledge, can deny only at the expense of justice that all four doctrines were abused as well as misinterpreted.

The four doctrines do not go to make a grand symphony. There were too many discordant notes, too many jerks and surprises. If there was a symphony, it sounded at times as if it could have been by Beethoven and at other times by Bartók—in any case, it was a form of music to which few Indians could respond. At different times the four doctrines were challenged by Indian nationalists, but it was Gandhi's unique merit that in his attack on the political theory of British imperialism he was able to get down to fundamentals and appeal to the British conscience. He argued that only individuals could be trustees, not nations. The utilitarian, to be logical, could never sacrifice himself. As for guardianship, there was 'no room for patronage among equals'. Finally, he argued that evangelicalism only produced in India a revulsion from Christianity.

Gandhi was able to appeal to the British sense of guilt as well as to the Indian sense of shame. He challenged British imperialism not on its own terms but on his own. The system was condemned by him as *Adharma*, a Sanskrit term meaning 'devoid of moral or religious justification'. Utilitarianism, in his eyes, was merely a glorified power doctrine founded on a subtle form of violence. By talking the language of results, it led to a carelessness of the means. It could be invoked against notions of natural law and natural rights because it lent to factual considerations the emotive force of cherished values.

New Ruling Class

Yesterday's imperialists may feel a sense of outrage when they find their own former theories mirrored today in the policies and doctrines of triumphant nationalism. The new ruling class achieves its ends by a utilitarian appeal to results. The leaders of the national movement, now in power, regard themselves as the natural trustees of popular welfare and behave at times like Platonic guardians of the masses in need of guidance. The religious evangelicalism of the past is now paralleled by a secular gospel of liberal, democratic socialism. The role of trustees and guardians, of benefactors and missionaries, is attractive to almost every ruling class under modern representative government as under authoritarian régimes. The British had unwittingly brought into Indian society a new vitality and strength lacking in Moghul India. They had unintentionally initiated the vigorous political awakening of the masses and the emergence of a new middle class. By the very application of their doctrines, they brought about their own downfall; and in due course the British Empire in India had to come to an end.—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Listener

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Business Archives

YESTERDAY Lord Evershed, the Master of the Rolls, opened an exhibition of Business Archives at the National Book League in London*. The idea behind this display grew out of the large number of business histories that have been published since the war. Many of those still in print are now shown to the public and with them examples of the kind of archive on which their writing depended. Thus, next to *Through a City Archway*, the story of the chemist Allen and Hanburys, can be seen an order from St. Thomas's Hospital of 1795 and a prescription book of 1859; while next to *Blue Funnel: a history of Alfred Holt and Company of Liverpool* are shown two ship's journals of seventy years ago, in which the voyage of each sailing is recorded.

The exhibition is likely to stimulate interest in a branch of history that is only just ceasing to be neglected. Last year Professor Tawney demonstrated in his study of Lionel Cranfield, Lord High Treasurer under James I, how successfully a merchant statesman's business papers could be used to illustrate general trading conditions in the early seventeenth century. Four years ago Professor Asa Briggs proved how valuable the records of a group of department stores like Lewis's of Liverpool could also be (despite the loss of many documents through enemy action) for social history from the nineteenth century to the present day. He did this by writing a story of the firm that paid 'as much attention to the shopper as it does to the shop-keeper'. Indeed the records of Lewis's which have been included in the present exhibition are among the most significant to be shown. For instance, there is a song-sheet of the eighteen-eighties containing the waltz 'Lewis's Beautiful Tea', with a coloured advertisement cover and a lyric designed to sell cheaply to the masses what had been hitherto a luxury drink. There is 'Lewis's War Map of Egypt' which shows the campaigning ground of Kitchener; while a general store catalogue of 1906 reveals that 'Lewis's Black Dress Parcel No. 28' was—at 12s. 6d.—a little more expensive than its companions, because, in addition to the six yards of Wool Black Serge and three of Wool delaine (for Blouse), it contained '1 Smart Black Moreen Underskirt, French flounce'.

In organizing the exhibition, the Director of the National Book League, Mr. J. E. Morpurgo, has had the co-operation of the Business Archives Council. This organization is now the official body in England that has most to do with the discovery or dispersal of the records of old firms and trading houses, although attention has always been paid to this class of document by the National Register of Archives. Indeed the untiring efforts of the staff of both organizations have already done much to save such records from destruction, or see that their owners deposit them in some place that is free from damp and conveniently accessible to students. It could well be that one result of the present exhibition will be to broaden the outlook of a rising generation of our economic and social historians. It is to be hoped, also, that another will be to give the directors of manufacturing firms throughout the country an incentive to look deeply into their safes and stock-rooms. The old ledgers and account-books, catalogues and advertisement posters to be found there may be more valuable than they think.

* Open until April 6

What They Are Saying

The Communist countries and disarmament

COMMUNIST RADIO STATIONS, including Peking, have in general spoken with the same accents about the opening of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. One Chinese transmission gave a report from its correspondent at Geneva. He noted that in contrast to the 1957 meetings, four more Communist countries, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria, were now taking part 'This reflects the change in the international balance in favour of the Communist countries', he added. The Chinese correspondent went on to criticize the Western Powers' new disarmament plan:

The West puts its emphasis on control rather than disarmament. Contrary to the Soviet plan for a complete disarmament in four years, the Western plan mentions so many joint studies and 'further joint studies' without any time limit. The West are so much interested in gathering military intelligence that they put at the very beginning of their plan 'the collection of information'. The Western disarmament plan evades the cessation of nuclear weapon tests, an item which is prominent in the minds of those who want to see the end of the nuclear armament race.

He went on to note that there was no mention in the Western plan of the question of military bases in foreign countries; and he criticized the Western idea for 'international organizations'. These, he said, had been interpreted as 'an international police-force to pry into the internal affairs of other countries'.

The following is part of a talk on Moscow Home Service, which criticizes the new Western disarmament plan:

The measures proposed are of an extremely limited and partial character. The tasks of the proposed 'International Disarmament Organization' will not be the preparation of steps for the liquidation of armaments, but only the collection of military and economic information from various states of the world. Moreover, this organization will be set up not immediately but gradually. But perhaps the weakest point in this plan is its dealings with weapons of mass destruction. Only at the end of the third and last stage is the question faced of banning nuclear weapons and destroying stock-piles of them. Once again it is proposed to set up a control apparatus long before the states proceed to actual disarmament. This cannot but arouse alarm.

But the Soviet commentator concluded on a note of guarded, though determined, optimism:

Of course, the question of liquidation of armaments and armed forces is far from simple; not a few talks between experts and diplomats, and summit level meetings, may still be required. But we Soviet people, like all people on earth, expect that every such meeting shall be a real step towards the solution of this most important problem.

Communist broadcasters have again attacked the idea of bases abroad for Western Germany. A Yugoslav transmission, quoting the newspaper *Borba*, took up the statement attributed to the British Minister of Defence that Nato members would be able to use military privileges in the bases in Kenya and that it was 'not impossible' to make these bases available to Western Germany:

The erecting of new foreign military bases in Kenya would be in striking contrast to Britain's recognition of the right of the people of Kenya to acquire national sovereignty by gradually introducing self-government.

Cairo radio broadcast a news-letter in Swahili which attacked Britain's plan for financing land settlement in Kenya through a World Bank loan of £15,000,000, and went on to criticize the British for 'a new and cunning method to preserve property usurped from others':

Worse still and most amazing the British are now trying to make the Africans understand that the Highlands never belonged to the Kikuyu. They have instigated the Masai tribe to proclaim that the Masai are the rightful owners of the Highlands. They have got the Masai chief to announce that in the event of Britain breaking the 1904 and 1911 treaties, under which the Highlands were sold to the British, the Masai of Kenya will join hands with their brother Masai of Tanganyika to set up a separate State controlling the Highlands of Kenya and the Masai territory of Tanganyika. Observers think that the Masai should wake up and not allow their leaders to become puppets of the British.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

AN INTERVIEW WITH ORSON WELLES

IN 'MONITOR' (Television Service) Orson Welles talked to Huw Wheldon about his work as an actor and film-maker. Some of the particular points Mr. Welles made were about his film *Citizen Kane*, extracts from which were seen by viewers.

'Is it true', Huw Wheldon asked Mr. Welles, 'that when *Citizen Kane* was being made people tried to stop it; and is it true that Randolph Hearst, the newspaper tycoon, took it as being an attack on himself and tried to stop the film from being shown?'

Welles: There was indeed a very definite effort to stop the film during shooting by those elements in the studio who were attempting to seize power, because in those days many of the big studios in Hollywood were like Central American republics. There were revolutions and counter-revolutions and every sort of palace intrigue. There was a big effort to overthrow the then head of the studio, who was taken to be out of his mind because he had given me the contract that made the making of these films possible. You asked me did Mr. Hearst try to stop it: he didn't. Mr. Hearst was quite a bit like Kane, although Kane isn't really founded on Hearst in particular. But he was like Kane in that he wouldn't have stooped to such a thing. He had many hatchet men, however, and to get in good with the chief there was a good deal of very strong pressure. It was sensational and silly, but Mr. Hearst must be absolved.

Wheldon: A lot of the things one reads about *Citizen Kane* suggests that it was a social document, a massive attack on big American institutions of the day. I've always seen it rather as a story. Did you mean it as a social document or as a story?

Welles: I must answer this in a way that I loathe. I must admit that it was intended, consciously, as a sort of social document, as an attack on the acquisitive society, and indeed on acquisition in general; but I didn't think that up, and then try to find a story to match the idea. Of course, I think the storyteller's first duty is always to the story.

Wheldon: This makes it all the more ironic, doesn't it, that the film should have been forbidden general distribution in the Soviet Union?

Welles: Yes, but of course it wasn't at all a Communist picture or a Marxist picture. It was an attack on property and the acquisition of property and the corruption of the man of real gifts and charm and real humanity, who destroys himself and everything near him, because of—tired old words—Mammon and all that.



Orson Welles (right) being interviewed by Huw Wheldon in 'Monitor'

Wheldon: You had the most astonishing contract that Hollywood has ever provided in making *Citizen Kane*—

Welles: —Financially speaking it wasn't extraordinary in any way at all. It was extraordinary in the control it gave me over my own material.

Wheldon: You had total control?

Welles: Total control. So much so that the 'rushes', the pieces of film shown at the end of a day's work, that are always checked by department heads and bankers and distributors, long before there's a rough-cut, couldn't be seen by anyone except myself and my own little closed group.

Wheldon: How did this happen?

Welles: I got that good a contract because I didn't really want to make a film. In the old days, the golden days of Hollywood, when you honestly didn't really want to go there, then the deals got better and better. In my case I didn't want money; I wanted authority, so I asked the impossible, hoping to be left alone. And at the end of a year's negotiations I got it. My love for films began only when we started work.

Wheldon: Where did you get the confidence from?

Welles: Ignorance, sheer ignorance! You know there's no confidence to equal it.

Wheldon: How did this ignorance show itself?

Welles: I thought you could do anything with a camera that the eye and the imagination could do. If you come up from the bottom of the film business you're taught all the things that the cameraman doesn't want to attempt for fear he will be criticized for having failed. In this case I had a cameraman—Gregg Toland—who didn't care if he was criticized if he failed, and I didn't know there were things you couldn't do, so anything I could think up in my dreams I attempted to photograph.

Wheldon: You got away with enormous technical advances.

Welles: Simply by not knowing that they were impossible, or theoretically impossible. And of course, again, I had a great advantage not only in the real genius of my cameraman but in the fact that he, like all men who are masters of a craft, told me at the outset that there was nothing about the camera work that any intelligent being couldn't learn in half a day. And he was right.

Wheldon: The technical advances of *Kane* have largely been digested in the film industry. The thing that I don't think has been digested is the notion of making a film with a team of actors who have been brought from one theatre.

Welles: Nobody has ever pointed that out, as far as I know. The whole cast was a team from a theatre, we worked together for years. All of them were new to films. That was deliberate. We didn't want anybody who knew anything, because we thought they would both show us up and change the dimension of the film. It is true that that gives a kind of automatic style to anything, just as a theatre in which players live and work together for a certain length of time begins to make its effect.

Wheldon: I don't recollect ever seeing a similarly made film.



A scene from *Citizen Kane*: Orson Welles, centre, with (left) Joseph Cotten as Jedediah Leland and (right) Everett Sloane as Mr. Bernstein

Welles: It's never happened, because nobody has ever had such a contract, just as I could never make *Kane* again until I got one. Nobody else will make that sort of picture under those ideal circumstances until another man will give a studio and its facilities to an artist to make the film he wants to make. It sounds terribly simple but it literally never happens.



Montacute House, near Yeovil, Somerset

Wheldon: Why not?

Welles: There aren't teams of actors any more. There were two in America in our time. One was the Group Theatre and the other was the Mercury, which was mine.

Wheldon: Are you ever afraid, in your life, Orson, that you have in a sense attempted and tried too much?

Welles: I don't think I have attempted enough. I don't think anybody else does. I think it's an age of terrible specialization. I think everybody has many more capacities than they have the gall to try out. And I regret how little adventuring I've done, not how much.

MONTACUTE HOUSE

Montacute House, in Somerset, was built by Edward Phelips, a wealthy lawyer, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Over the centuries Montacute has escaped drastic alterations, and it remains one of the most perfect Elizabethan houses in existence. But some repair work has again become necessary, and a sum of £16,000 will be spent on the house during the next few months. BRENDA HAMILTON described in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service) how some of the money will be used.

'The glory of Montacute', she said, 'is the lovely honey-coloured stone of which it is built, the local hamstone, and a good deal of the repair work will be concerned with renewing it. My first view of Montacute was unexpected: turning the corner of the road on my way to the village I suddenly saw the great house in the distance, the warm stone rising above dark yew hedges and cypress trees. Its Dutch gables and tall chimneys repeated the pattern of trees in the formal gardens below—a satisfying symmetrical repetition I discovered is characteristic of Montacute.'

'I found it again, looking down a long avenue of clipped yew trees to the west front. The house is planned in the shape of the letter H, the straight, symmetrical lines repeated again and again in the many-mullioned windows—windows that occupy nearly all the exterior wall space, unusual in Tudor times. Unusual, too, is the use of stone instead of wood inside. The golden hamstone is used

for fireplaces, carved screens, and two fine stairways at each end of the house. I climbed one of these seven-foot-wide stairs to the Long Gallery, because it is here that some of the most urgent repairs must be done. I am told that this gallery with its great oriel windows is the longest in England—189 feet—and from here, on clear days, one can see all Somerset.

'The beams supporting the floor have deteriorated, and must be replaced or reinforced, and the outer wall is bulging. The roof and chimneys need attention, and I was shown a part of the house not normally open to visitors, where the need for repairs is very evident. While I was inspecting this damage my attention was caught by some writing cut into one of the window panes. Above a drawing of two little horses I read: "Elizabeth Phelips, always scribbling and writing nonsense, dated 1801". I wondered if this was once the schoolroom, and my mind went back to the Phelips family and to Edward Phelips, who built Montacute in the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth for the cost of £19,000. Now in the reign of the second Queen Elizabeth repairs are going to cost almost as much'.

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD . . .

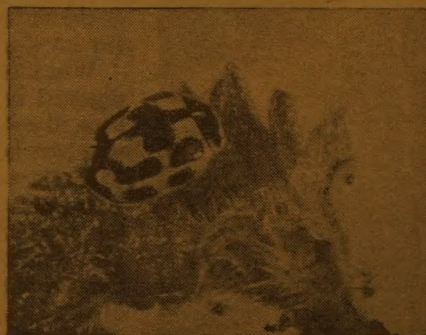
'This time of year', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today' (Home Service) 'sees the return to our gardens of a creature so insignificant that most of us probably do not give it so much as a second glance. Yet this tiny insect can be credited with having continually

saved us all from starvation since time immemorial because it feeds exclusively on aphides, or greenfly. It is the ladybird.

'The multiplication rate of greenfly is almost beyond comprehension. In fact, if aphides were allowed to go their own way they might well eat every green thing in the world in a short space of time, and we should all die of starvation—aphides included. Because of the wonderful service it renders to humanity, the ladybird was dedicated, somewhere back in the Middle Ages, to the Virgin Mary, and that is how it came by its name: it really means beetle (or bird) of Our Lady.

'Throughout the winter the ladybirds are in hibernation, but in early spring they emerge to set about their invaluable work. The female ladybird lays anything up to 1,500 orange-coloured eggs, always near a plentiful supply of food, and when the youngsters appear, in the form of larvae, they lose no time in getting to work on the greenfly at hand.

'One of the most common questions that is asked about ladybirds is whether we can tell their age from the spots on their backs. We cannot; in fact, no one can really tell the age of a ladybird at all. The spots on the back, together with the colour of the wing-cases themselves, indicate the species to which the creature belongs; and it might come as a surprise to realize that there are more than 2,000 different species of ladybirds in the world. In Great Britain alone there are about fifty, and all of them are doing magnificent work on our behalf'.



A fourteen-spot ladybird, *Propylea quatuordecimpunctata* L., and (right) a seven-spot ladybird, *Coccinella septempunctata* L.

S. BealJoy

The Ladder and the Tree

By WILLIAM GOLDING

FOR most of my life, childhood, boyhood, and more, we lived at Marlborough. Our house was on the Green, that close-like square, tilted south with the Swindon road running through it. On both sides of the road is grass and the houses that stand round are far older than their Georgian exteriors. Our house had no Georgian front but had been left untouched at the end of the churchyard, under the shadow of St. Mary's church, three slumped storeys of fourteenth-century lath, plaster, and beam, with a crazily gabled porch.

The Cellars

There were cellars under the house and three blanked-off wells. The cellars have walls of dripping flint, ancient disused fireplaces, and cupboards. Though I have seen them recently and marvelled to find them small I cannot tell how old they are. Once there was a south window in the cellars but now only the rotting sill is left, a beam crushed in the wall. My father amiably rigged me a swing in one dark corner for use on rainy days but I never used it unless he was there—never dared to stay alone with the gloom and the crushed wood underground, where a footfall overhead seemed to come down out of another world. So old were the cellars that they must have been dug before the graveyard a few feet away; must pre-date the graves. In those days I hoped they pre-dated the graveyard but could not be sure. In daylight the chances were even or perhaps more favourable than that.

We had a garden at the back of the house, not large, but with lawn, flowers, and a few trees. In daylight the trees leaned out over the churchyard or over the path through it and the stones were nothing but stones. But as the sun went down behind the church tower, the stones became stiller than stone—as if they were waiting. When the sun had gone down I did not look at the churchyard at all. I knew how the stones were lengthening, lifting and peering blankly, inscrutably, over the wall. As I went indoors, if I dared a backward glance, or climbed towards the little shot window, I saw how they did indeed peer; but up, always over my shoulder or my head, crowded, still, other. Then I would go quickly to my father or my mother or my brother for human company by the fire.

One afternoon I was sitting on the wall that divided our garden from the churchyard. Eight, was I, perhaps, or nine? Or older even? There is nothing by which I can tell. I contemplated the stones a few feet away and saw suddenly that several of them were flat up against our wall. I remember knowing then that I had seen and thought enough. My nights were miserable as it was, with every sort of apprehension given a label, and these even so only outliers of a central, not-comprehended dark. But the sun shone on the wall and I watched the inside of my head go on and take step after logical step. At which end of a grave does a stone stand? I remembered the sexton, Mr. Baker, calling them headstones and I made the final deduction that the dead lay, their heads under our wall, the rest of them projecting from their own place into our garden, their feet, their knees even, tucked under our lawn.

Invitation to the Enemy

Logic is insistent. I recall an awareness at that moment that I was being foolish; that the demonstration of this proposition would do no one any good and me a great deal of harm. The lawn, almost the only uncontaminated place in that ancient neighbourhood, had been sunny and innocent until my deliberate exercise of logic had invited the enemy in.

What was that enemy? I cannot tell. He came with darkness and he reduced me to a shuddering terror that was incurable because it was indescribable. In daylight I thought of the Roman remains that had been dug up under the church as the oldest

things near, sane things from sane people like myself. But at night, the Norman door and pillar, even the flint wall of our cellar, were older, far older, were rooted in the darkness under the earth.

I guess now at causes for all these terrors. Had my mother perhaps feared this shadowy house and its graveyard neighbour when she went there, with me as a baby? She was Cornish and the Cornish do not live next to a graveyard from choice. But we had very little choice. My father was a master at the local grammar school so that we were all the poorer for our respectability. In the dreadful English scheme of things at that time, a scheme which so accepted social snobbery as to elevate it to an instinct, we had our subtle place. Those unbelievable gradations ensured that though my parents could not afford to send my brother and me to a public school, we should nevertheless go to a grammar school. Moreover we must not go first to an elementary school but to a dame school where the children were nicer though the education was not so good. In fact, like everybody except the very high and the very low in those days, we walked a social tightrope, could not mix with the riotous children who made such a noise and played such wonderful games on the Green. I did not question these contradictions.

Paternal Omniscience

But at eight or nine the standard of education did not matter. My father could see to that. He was incarnate omniscience. I have never met anybody who could do so much, was interested in so much, and who knew so much. He could carve a mantelpiece or a jewel box, explain the calculus and the ablative absolute. He wrote a textbook of geography, of physics, of chemistry, of botany and zoology, devised a course in astro-navigation, played the violin, the 'cello, viola, piano, flute. He painted expertly, knew so much about flowers he denied me the simple pleasure of looking anything up for myself. He produced a cosmology which I should dearly love to pass off as all my own work because he never told anyone but me about it. He fell hideously and passionately in love with wireless in the very earliest days and erected an aerial like the one on a battleship, and had some unused qualifications as an architect. He hated nothing in the whole world unless it were a tory, and then only as a matter of principle and on academic lines. He stumped the country for the Labour Party, telling the farm labourers that the Labour Party did not want to exploit the workers the way the tories did; it simply wanted to do away with them. He stood proudly and indignantly with my mother on the town hall steps under the suffragette banner, and welcomed the over-ripe tomatoes. He inhabited a world of sanity and logic and fascination. He found life so busy and interesting that he had no time for a career at all. But that was all right. His children would have the career in his place and restore the balance of nature. He and my mother brought us up with a serious care which he gave to nothing else but wireless and politics.

Sitting on the garden wall, then, it was a voice from this world that shouted to me as I pondered on the trap of darkness that was closing. The interruption was too late, for my logical process was complete. So I let myself down, and ran indoors as my brother began to shout as well. They were in the hall, grouped round the tangle of wire and tin and glass bulbs that was now my father's obsession. My mother stood with earphones on and she was looking inside her head. 'Listen!' said my brother, 'let him listen!'

My mother looked out, lifted off one earphone so that I could listen too. I put my ear to the damp vulcanite, pressed my ear in against the soft iron diaphragm. My father and brother gazed at me and held their breath. Yes. No illusion, this. Sure enough, there were sounds in the earphone. There had been sounds before on some occasions—a frying noise usually, and once a chirping

which drove my father into mad excitement because he said it was morse from a ship. But now, in the deep fat, covered over, browned, there was a tiny structure of noise which tickled my ear without particularly interesting it. I listened and waited for something to happen.

The Miracle

My father whispered impatiently against my disengaged ear. 'It's a violin!'

Astonished, I saw that my father was different. His usually pink and white face was now white all over. He was sweating, large drops were trickling down the enormous dome of his head. He was shaking with a depth of emotion that I myself only experienced round about midnight. He bent down and whispered to me out of his world, out of sanity and order, out of boundless hope; out of a torn-up sense of the miracle: 'You may never hear a violinist as good as that again!'

My mother lifted her aquiline, capable face away from the headphones. She looked at my father a shade severely, as though the miracle, once performed, had no business not to continue. 'What are you doing, Alec? It's fading away!'

My father leapt to the hall table where our machinery was. He lifted a row of electrodes out of their solution and held them so, waiting for the battery to recover. We stood, dedicated. He lowered them again. My brother shook his head: 'It's gone'.

And so it was. Weeks of gloom were to pass before the wireless brought us another off-hand miracle—years before my distraught father won through to serenity and had the machinery tamed, the house wired, and music falling from the air. On that first day, I left him wrestling and muttering over the mess and returned to the contaminated garden.

How could I talk to them about darkness and the irrational? They knew so much, had such certainties, were backing all the obvious winners. I floated in their world, holding on to a casual hand, sometimes sinking again in the dark. Then I found Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*. I read them with a sort of shackled fascination and recognised their quality, knew they were reports, knew that he and I had been in the same place.

There was of course an escape. From such an impasse, we escape or die or go mad. I had respite from my obsessions. I climbed away from them. Coming along the churchyard from St. Mary's beneath the avenue of pollarded limes, you find the wall on the left heightens suddenly. That was the wall of our garden and we had a chestnut tree which stood in that corner. I cut it down a few years ago with strangely little regret. Now that the lawn was distasteful I learned to climb that tree with a kind of absent-minded dexterity. There is something about a tree which appeals not to a vestigial instinct but to the most human, if you like the highest, in a child. The tree to be preferred is rooted in a garden or among houses. In a forest a tree is no wilder than the ground; is nothing but a single hair on the world's head. Just as a boat attracts in the contrary way by being a house in the savagery of water, so a tree is a bit of the Congo or Antarctica set down next to the paving stones or main drain. Everything else has been shaped, touched, used and understood, plumbed, by powerful adults. But a tree lifts its fork above them, ramifies in secret. There is in a tree only a yard or two over your head, that which is most precious to a small boy; an unvisited place, never seen before, never touched by the hand of man.

Escape Route

This chestnut tree was my escape. Here, neither the darkness of the churchyard nor this vast pattern of work and career and importance could get at me. The texture of bark, the heraldic shapes of sticky buds, these were private, were an innocent reality, were in fact nothing but themselves. Here, stirring the leaves aside, I could look down at the strangers in that world from which we were cut off and reflect on their nature. Safe from skeletons, from Latin and the proper requirements of growing up, I could ponder over or snigger at the snatches of conversation from passers-by underneath. There were two little girls who came along, patter, patter, through a deserted churchyard and a bright afternoon. One was thin and dark and awe-stricken and excited. The other was fair, a little bigger, giggling and self-appalled. She was

leaning down sideways, explaining. As she passed, her voice came into tune.

'They gets you down and pulls off your clothes'.

Giggle away under the trees. Gone. What a fierce and dramatic life these girls must lead in their own place, I thought! How cruelly inhuman their treatment of each other! Then the old bookie passed. He was short, grey, and square as a sarsen stone. He came from the pubs at three o'clock in the afternoon. He inched along the path, with shuffling steps each no more than a span, or less. He inched along, swearing to himself, inscrutably angry, muttering. He would stop, strike at the stone walls with his stick and inch on. There was that other pair too, a man and a woman. They stopped below me one evening when the late light of summer and a full moon had encouraged me to brave the shadows and stay in my tree until night. Even the moonlight was hot, molten moonlight, a great dollop of white moon stirred by the twigs and leaves into a shower of moving drops. These two, the man and woman, stood by the wall under me, she against it, he pressing her hard, and they wrestled and murmured gently. She would take her mouth away from his face and say 'no, no, no', and put it back again. His moony hand was in her neck. Then he began to undo something near her neck and she said 'no, no, no', more earnestly and laughed and giggled. But his hand went into her chest and she gave a gasp of pain like being pricked with a pin or having something raw touched, and the branch I was holding aside flicked back with a swish. They started apart and stood looking up at me, or at the covering leaves only a yard away. She said: 'What was that?' He said: 'It was a bird'—and his voice had a lot of heart-beat and phlegm in it. But there were footsteps coming past St. Mary's now. The man and woman hurried away.

Odysseus the Nail-biter

But these encounters, real and innocent as the chestnut tree, lives devoid of darkness or career, were still beside the point. I enjoyed their quality but had no theories about them. They were pictures, put away by me then, to be taken out and evaluated later. The tree also let me read what I liked, avidly and uncritically. Crouched in the branches, lifted above fear, I had no doubt that if one frowned long enough at the page it would brighten and come alive. Indeed, it did. The words and paper vanished. The picture emerged. Details were there to be heard, seen, touched. Percival's sister let down her long hair from the abbey gate and it swayed gently like virginia creeper because there was a slight breeze. Pius Aeneas had a stiff neck for three days after he carried old Anchises from burning Troy. He carried him, of course, with one leg over each shoulder, as my father had carried me. I know something about Odysseus that is not in the text, since I have seen and touched him. When he was washed up in Phaeacia his hands were white and corrugated and his nails bled—not because of the rocks but because he bit them. I saw him, crouched naked beneath the stunted olive, shuddering in the wind, salt drying on his skin, lugging with white teeth at the nail of his third right finger while he peered at the dark, phantom dangers and wondered fearfully what to do. The wily, the great-hearted, the traveller, the nail-biter.

These moving pictures in Technicolor lit the underside of the leaves. This place was where I lived. Among our few acquaintances I became a sight. People were led to the garden and I was pointed out to them, like a rare bird. My father, kind as ever, even made me a short ladder which would enable me, and anyone else who was so inclined, to climb the tree easily. That ladder was difficult to break but the effort was well repaid. The tree, hardly to be distinguished in my mind from the moving pictures, remained inviolate.

But down in the house rooted in the graveyard, things were moving forward. The time had now come when the first steps towards a career must be taken. Yet it was observed I resisted school or, rather, let it flow over me. There was Latin, for example. You could not go to Oxford unless you learnt Latin. On the other hand Latin was useless except to scholars. But my career was to be a scientific one. Science was busy clearing up the universe. There was no place in this exquisitely logical universe for the terrors of darkness. There was darkness, of course, but it was just darkness, the absence of light; had none of the looming terror

which I knew night-long in my very bones. God might have been a help but we had thrown Him out, along with Imperialism, Toryism, the Exploitation of Women, War and the Church of England. I nodded agreement, was precocious with the catch-phrases of progress; but even in daylight now, the dead under the wall drew up the green coverlet of our grass and lay back with a heart-squeezing grin. Though cosmology was driving away the shadows of our ignorance, though bones were exhibited under glass, though the march of science was irresistible, its path did not lie through my particular darkness. One day I should be part of that organization marching irresistibly to a place which I was assured was worth finding. The way to it lay through a net of Latin's golden, bumbling words. But Latin marched away from me. I had a divinatory skill in translation but the grammar seemed related to nothing in any universe and I left it alone.

My father was appalled and, I think, frightened. 'You've got brains—I know you've got brains!' But not for Latin grammar.

'It doesn't need intelligence, you know—just sticking at it! And you can stick at things—look at the books you read! You can stick at it!' Not Latin grammar.

'But you've got brains!' No.

'Now look, I'll explain it again!' No use. No go.

I knew I could not learn Latin grammar for a perfectly clear reason, a logical reason. The logic of childhood is just as good as adult logic—better sometimes, because unconditioned. Logic is only a few different shaped bricks, after all, out of which we build skyscrapers. But in childhood the axioms are different. I had an adventure book and the word 'Latin' occurred on page 67. At some time a blot of ink had fallen on that page and blotted out the word 'Latin'. I knew that in my universe, though not in my father's, this was enough. I should never be able to learn Latin.

'Haven't you got any brains, then?' No use. Not for Latin grammar. No go.

He never knew. No one else knew.

There came a time when I got no marks at all in a Latin test and minus one for bad writing. Then we had a show down.

Let me make one point perfectly clear. My father was generous, loving, saintly in his attitude to his family. He would give up anything for us gladly. He was understanding, too. His human stature grows, the more I think of him. If we could not meet at this point it was no failing of his. It seems more like a defect in the nature of human communication.

What I remember most of that terrible evening is the reason-

ableness of my father's arguments. If I really did not want to go to Oxford, that was all right. If I would prefer to go into the Merchant Navy, that was all right. If I wanted to leave school at fourteen, that was all right too. Now please don't cry, I don't like it when you cry! If you want to forget the whole thing, that's all right. Everything was all right, in fact. Then why do I remember such anguish, such tears, such sobs racking up from the soles of my feet, mouth agape, sweat, streaming nose, mouth, and eyes, misery, hopeless misery? When I could cry no more, I lay, my face a few inches from the white skirting of the hall, and jerked and sniffed and shuddered. I was, I saw, in a place. Just as I had recognized that Poe and I knew a place which we shared, so now I knew this place, this atmosphere. It was real, grey, had the quality of promising a dreary familiarity. It was the first step on the road. I saw that I should really do this thing, really learn Latin and grow up.

I moved, sniffing, to the dining-room and sat down with Richie's *First Steps in Latin*, and Richie's *Second Steps*. I needed to begin at the beginning. My father and mother sat on either side of the fire and hardly breathed. I thumbed the books through. Rules, declensions, paradigms and vocabularies stretched before me. They were like a ladder which I knew now I should climb, rung after factual rung, and Sir James Jeans and Professor Einstein were waiting at the top to sign me on. I was glad about science in a remote sort of way. If you were going to be anything, then a scientist was what you ought to be. But the ladder was so long. In this dreary mood of personal knowledge and prophecy I knew that I should climb it; knew too that the darkness was all around, inexplicable, unexorcized, haunted, a gulf across which the ladder lay without reaching to the light.

My parents must have been emotionally exhausted. They stayed quiet and I worked for two and a half hours. I found, as in the last hour or two I had expected, that I could learn the stuff and that it was ridiculously easy. I moved on, surely and quietly, from rung to rung over the dark. My mother came at last and stood by my side and put her arm round me. 'It's not so bad when you get started, is it?' No. Not so bad.

All at once, the air became light and jolly. We cracked jokes. We laughed. *Amemus*. My father put away his book on Vertebrate Zoology. 'Go on like this', he cried delightedly, 'and we shall find we have to stop you doing too much Latin!'

'The next thing', said my mother, 'and he'll be taking his Latin up the tree!'—*Third Programme*

The Mystery of the Elizabethan Stage

By RICHARD SOUTHERN

FOR centuries, many people have been particularly interested in the theatre of the Elizabethans. This is not only because it comes as the culmination of a great period of development from the Middle Ages to such a world-famous school of poet dramatists as Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Shakespeare, and the rest; it is also because there is one particular and essential detail about it which no one has so far been able to discover and which has remained until now a blank in our picture—a genuine mystery. That is, what the stage looked like.

We have fairly adequate records of the outside of the theatres, from various views of London. We have some items of concrete fact about their dimensions and the arrangement of the galleries inside them, from builders' contracts. We can, to some extent, picture the character of the audience and the time of day when they visited the theatre. We can almost go so far as to imagine ourselves mingling with the throng, going inside the playhouse, and settling ourselves to watch a performance. But just at the crucial moment when a hush falls over the house at the signal to begin, it is as if a mist came upon our eyes and, with almost an agony of frustration, we find we have insufficient evidence to see the stage.

It might perhaps be thought that I am overstating this mystery;

that in an age so creative and so observant as the Elizabethan age, and one with so brilliant a theatre, someone must have made it his business to create a clear and exact painting or engraving of one of these gorgeous performances that lord and commoner thronged to see. The amazing truth is that so far as our present knowledge goes (and we have searched almost to the corners of the earth), no one ever did.

It is true that a Dutchman called Arend Van Buchell did include, in a 'commonplace' book of his, a pen-and-ink sketch based on a communication from his friend, Johannes De Witt, who visited London about 1596 and told him of the theatres there. But when it was discovered in 1888 at Utrecht, this sketch desolated scholars by not showing at all what they expected to see in respect of the stage. The scholars split, and to this day have remained split, into those who say the sketch is incorrect, and those who say it is gospel eye-witness and that no theory of the stage can be accepted that does not conform to it. (And to make the story complete, there are three other little pictures of a rough nature that we hesitate even more about).

The De Witt drawing is in some respects fairly clear; it shows a round courtyard open to the sky and surrounded by three galleries, one above another. Against the galleries at the far side

is a rectangular stage projecting out as far as the middle of the yard and with a narrow space left free either side of it. Over the stage proper is a roof, or cover, supported on two big columns. You can see these columns rising from the stage about half-way back. But on this stage there is no sign of two elements we eagerly look for; namely, any kind of scenery and any kind of curtain.

This is where a controversy begins. For one group of people arises to explain this by saying that the Elizabethan stage had no scenery and had no curtain. Indeed, this is perhaps the generally accepted view today. But, alas, it cannot be true. We have to face the fact that, on occasion, certain scenery was used: for instance, a couple of tents; an arbour; even, very likely, a tree; and so forth. And we know that, also on occasion, a character, or a group of characters, or some particular property, might be 'discovered' (as we call it) by opening a door or drawing back a curtain. True, the most recent papers of Dr. Richard Hosley suggest strongly that such 'discovery' scenes were used much more rarely than one might suppose. For instance, of thirty plays known to have been acted at the Globe Theatre, he shows that only nine call for any discovery at all. But passing over this unexpected rarity of the discovery scene for the moment, we have to ask how if such a scene were used, it could have been managed on De Witt's stage?

The old solution to both these problems was that between these two great columns a large traverse curtain was hung, dividing the stage half-way into a front part and a back part. The short and less important scenes were played in front of this curtain, closed; while, for important scenes, furniture and scenery could be put in position behind the curtain and revealed, or 'discovered', by opening it when the front scene was over. After the important scene the curtains were closed and another front scene followed, then another full scene, and so on.

One can well see how this idea could give rise to an 'alternation theory' of playing, where front scenes alternated with full scenes. But the alternation theory raised two main objections: first, Elizabethan plays are not constructed according to such an alternation; and, second, it is dramatically bad theatre to play the unimportant scenes (if I may so style them) on the front of the stage near the audience, and the important scenes at the back of the stage, removed from the audience. And there are other objections. So we had to dispose of the idea of traverse curtains between the columns, and we had to tackle the problems of scenery, and of discoveries, and of curtains, in a new way.

At this point there came possibly the most erudite and lively discussion of the mystery that anyone had made up to date: the studies of the late Dr. W. J. Lawrence. He emphasized the use of the two great doors in the wall backing the stage; he pointed out especially the gallery running across above them; and showed how this contained privileged spectators and was called (at any rate in the earlier Elizabethan theatres) the Lords' Room. What happened below the gallery, in the wall between the two doors, was far less clear. There might have been a third door, or a curtained alcove. Notice this 'curtained alcove': at this point we enter another controversy; we are touching the fringe of a fresh theory, the 'inner stage theory'. And, in order to explain how players could sometimes speak from 'above', a tentative 'upper stage theory' was added to match it.

Hard upon this we find several views springing up from both sides of the Atlantic: some scouted the idea of any kind of inner

stage at all; some held that its place was supplied by a sort of tent placed in front of the plain back wall when needed; and some again reverted fully to the inner stage idea, and increased the 'curtained alcove' to a full-sized room, twenty feet wide, between the doors, with an equally large acting 'terrace' above it.

Latest of all, there now comes another, and in some ways revolutionary, review of the whole mystery from Dr. Leslie Hotson*. He does not offer us any essential change in our picture of the surrounding galleries (except that he is almost ruthless in the pressure with which he crams and packs his people into them). Nor is the position, as such, of his stage anything fresh; it still projects to the centre of the yard and backs up against part of the galleries. But there are three items about its use which we shall have to consider carefully.

I say 'consider carefully' because this mystery of the Elizabethan stage is puzzling, and I believe we should reject nothing, and should accept nothing, without the most rigorous testing. And I know from personal experience how even W. J. Lawrence, after expounding in gleeful detail a new discovery in the private notebooks of his earlier days, could years later ruefully write in the margin one maturer comment—'Bosh!'—and initial and date it.

With such an open mind we must subject to test these three innovations of Dr. Hotson's. They are: first, that the Elizabethan public theatre belonged to the type that we today call the theatre in the round; second, that the tiring house was under the stage, and communicated with it by traps; third, that the curtained 'discovery spaces' were not at the back of the stage at all, but ran along the two sides of the stage, opposite each other.

Concerning the first proposal—to classify the Elizabethan public playhouse as a theatre in the round—I find myself reflecting on the following fact. The early eighteenth-century English theatre had a curious custom which is not widely known. On the occasion of crowded houses—for instance, on benefit nights—

they accommodated a considerable number of spectators on the stage itself. Not only did they seat people on either side of the stage in front of the stage boxes, and even blocking the proscenium doors, but they went so far as to dispense altogether with the scenery at the back, and built in its place tiers of seating, so that an 'amphitheatre' of maybe 200 spectators sat there, facing those more ordinarily placed in the auditorium itself. The poor actors made their entrances on such crowded occasions by pressing through the crush, and they performed on a tiny space on the fore-stage, entirely surrounded by the spectators—front, sides, and back.

But could, for this reason, the Georgian playhouse be classed legitimately as belonging to the type of theatre in the round? This will perhaps be for time to decide, but for most of us today I would say no, a theatre in the round is a theatre like a saucer, where the actors perform on the floor in the centre (generally not on any raised stage), and the audience sits in an even ring of stepped seating—as it might be round the sides of the saucer. And there are no galleries. Shall we not become confused if we apply the same name to these two types of theatre?

What is particularly important about all this is that Dr. Hotson's general impression of the Elizabethan theatre as a whole seems close to the picture I have painted of a crowded Georgian theatre, as an illustration in his book seems to me to demonstrate clearly. In this impression he stresses and develops the importance of the spectators that Lawrence had already pointed out in the Lords' Room above at the back of the stage; but are these



Sketch (1596) known as the 'De Witt drawing' of the interior of the Swan Playhouse

spectators important and numerous enough to give us really the idea of a theatre in the round? Dr. Hotson makes them so important in fact that he says that the players habitually acted towards this shallow gallery of the Lords' Room, with their backs to the main body of the audience (which is not, by the way, good theatre-in-the-round technique). All the same there is no doubt that both De Witt's sketch and the frontispiece to Kirkman's *The Witts* show the players facing us as common spectators, and with their backs very distinctly to the Lords' Room. Are we then to say the sketches are wrong and show the players back to front?

Dr. Hotson's second revolutionary point is the placing of the tiring house under the stage, instead of behind it as we have done hitherto. He gives among his reasons for this the fact that the builder's contract for the Fortune Theatre specifies: 'a Stadge and Tyreing howse to be made, erected & settupp within the saide frame', that is (he claims) a stage-and-tiring-house—one sole unit, separate from, and inside, the ring of the galleries. He supports this by a quotation from the other contract, that for the Hope Theatre, in which he distinguishes a similar pair of elements—(a) 'the Plaichouse', and (b) 'a Tyre house and a stage to be . . . taken awaie' (that is, to be removable).

But he makes no comment on the particular fact that the Hope contract actually says: that 'Gilbert Katherens . . . shall . . . build . . . one . . . Plaie house fitt & convenient in all thinges . . . and also a fitt and convenient Tyre house and a stage to be carryed or taken awaie, and to stande uppon tressells good, substanciall, and sufficient for the carryinge and bearinge of suche a stage'. Did the tiring house, then, stand upon trestles the same as the stage? At present I do not feel this is possible. There is also this odd fact to be reconciled: in Henslowe's *Diary* there is an item of money paid for sellynge [*sic*] 'of the Rome ouer the tyerhowse'. What room this was may be uncertain, but if the tiring house had been under the stage, there could not have been any room over the tiring house.

The third proposal is an especially interesting one when taken in conjunction with the idea of a tiring house under the stage. In itself it is not novel. I have mentioned that, on occasion, small built booths or tents were probably brought on and stood at the sides of the Elizabethan stage for particular scenes. One very good example of this is the bower in *The Spanish Tragedy*, in which Horatio is found hanging—especially as we seem to have an actual illustration of it on the title-page of the 1633 edition. It is interesting that a similar custom survives to this day in the Basque 'pastorale' stage at Tardets where, for instance, François Premier's prison is represented as a wooden cage, some three feet square and seven feet high. This cage is brought on and stood at the side of the stage for the scene when it is required, and afterwards removed.

These possibilities have for long intrigued investigators. Dr. Hotson takes them a step further and proposes (as I understand him) a permanent row of such facilities along either side of the stage, which can be curtained or uncurtained at need, and which are entered from his tiring house below by means of ladders and trap-doors in the stage floor. Dr. Hotson has to face the problem that these constructions must have considerably obscured the action on the stage for those spectators



Title-page illustration of the 1633 edition of *The Spanish Tragedy* by Kyd, showing Horatio hanging in a bower

situated at the sides beyond them. Thus he has to make his 'houses' of the lightest skeleton—a double row of four or five columns each side of the stage. Each double row has beams across the top from which to hang curtains. He adds a further possibility—that a floor could be laid across the tops of these columns and used for scenes 'above'; this floor, again, being reached by a ladder from the stage and a trap-door. All these spaces could be curtained all round, or opened at need, to provide for discoveries.

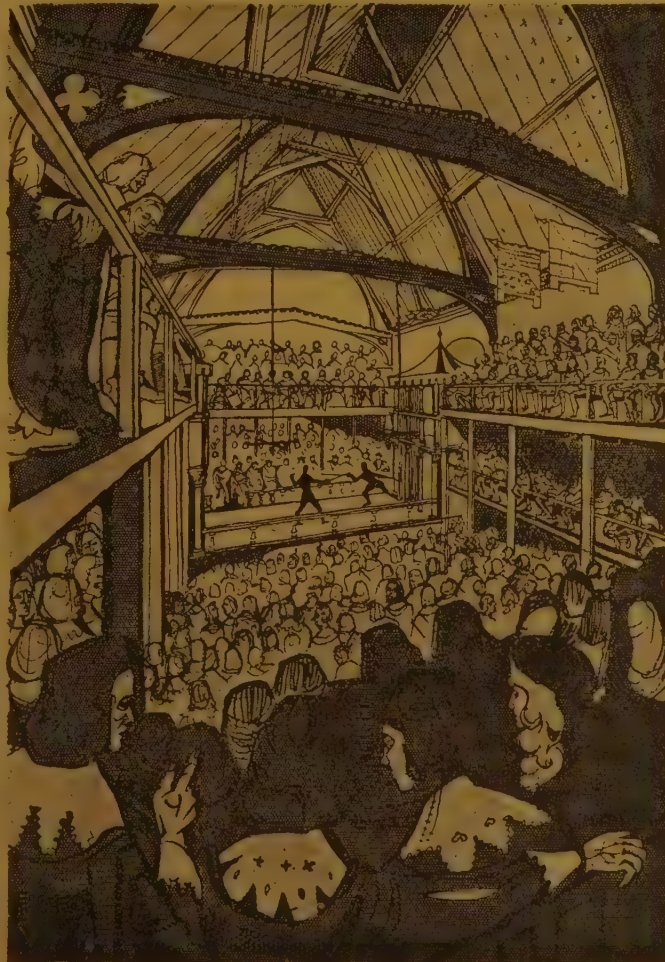
Here the point that investigators will have to check is one arising from Dr. Richard Hosley's conclusions about the comparative rareness of discovery scenes, from which he argues that there would have been no permanent discovery space on the

Globe stage. Had there been, he claims, playwrights would have used such scenes more often.

We have to ask, then, what happens to Dr. Hotson's colonnades in those frequent plays where discoveries were not required? If they were left in place, why were discoveries not more extensively used in the plays? If they were totally removed, we have a somewhat peculiar consequence, namely that the actors (if they come from a tiring house under the stage) must climb through a naked trap-hole every time they have to enter and exit. If they did not do this, I presume they are left with the familiar two doors at the back of the stage for entrances, and moreover they must use these for the majority of plays (if Hosley is right). Then surely a tiring house under the stage becomes an inconvenience?

There is something of importance in each of these innovations of Dr. Hotson's. Whether we can go all the way with him depends not on how likely or unlikely they appear at first, nor on how persuasively he presents them. It may perhaps be held that a fault in his book is his emphatic insistence on their truth. What matters above all is how they will stand up to the test of application in study as Dr. Hotson and others press further into this mystery.

—Third Programme



A reconstruction, from Dr. Hotson's *Shakespeare's Wooden O*, of a performance in a removable theatre erected in the seventeenth century in the hall of Queens' College, Cambridge. Part of the audience is seated at the back of the stage

The Art of Conducting—II

Conducting Concertos and Arranging Orchestras

By SIR ADRIAN BOULT

I HAVE a feeling that many conductors (and orchestras) are inclined to think that a concerto is a somewhat unwelcome interruption to a concert, put in to help the box office and needing an unfair amount of rehearsal time, because nearly every soloist in the world wants to play through every note of the concerto on the day of the concert even if he or she has played it the day before.

I do not agree: a programme consisting of three string quartets (or two if they are long ones) may be perfect and, likewise, a series of two or three symphonies can give us a memorable evening; but the average orchestral concert can gain much from the contrast of a fine concerto finely performed. There is a great danger, however, that orchestra and conductor will want to rattle through the concerto at the end of the rehearsal without giving the soloist a chance to say whether he wants anything special, or any kind of tempo that is not the obvious standard way of playing the thing. He must just give one more average performance.

Whenever possible I meet the soloist beforehand and give him a chance to tell me exactly what he wants. This may sometimes involve a word or two to the orchestra before the actual rehearsal of the concerto, but it seems to me the only fair way of handling the matter. A keen listener in my B.B.C. days once said he was always amused to hear the differences we used to make in the introductory *ritornello* of a concerto, to conform with what the soloist was going to do later in the movement.

One sometimes hears stories of concerto performances at which conductor and soloist have agreed to differ and the soloist has his way in the solos, but at every *tutti* the orchestra will jump forward, or drag backwards, and maintain this change until the next solo entry. This is a nice way to present a great classic to a long-suffering audience! Sheer sportsmanship surely should allow the soloist to have his way for half an hour when the conductor is unquestioned boss for the rest of the concert. It may usually be assumed that the soloist has spent 100 hours practising and thinking about the concerto to every one spent by the conductor.

Rehearsing a Pianoforte Concerto

In the early years of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra we always offered our soloist two rehearsals, the first with pianoforte or with orchestra, as he wished: the second was, of course, with orchestra. On one occasion Giesecking, whose visits were always looked forward to by us all with great pleasure, arrived literally at the eleventh hour, on the morning of the concert. He had been playing in Holland the night before. He came on to the platform of the old Queen's Hall and looked with horror at the assembled array of something like seventy string players waiting to play the Bach D minor, which I had always looked on, and played with others, as a vigorous, open-air kind of piece. I told him that the players did know how to accompany, and suggested we should try a movement and see what he thought. He still thought there were too many, and though the balance engineer and I both assured him that the tone of the pianoforte showed clearly above the strings, he said he found the texture was wrong.

The word 'texture' struck me, and I said: 'Mr. Giesecking, are you really thinking of this as a pianoforte concerto, or one with harpsichord?' He said at once, yes, he was thinking of the harpsichord all the time, although he had to play on the enormous concert grand that had been provided for him. I thereupon sent about fifty of the orchestra home, and the other twenty stayed and tinkled through the concerto to Giesecking's satisfaction. He asked me afterwards whether I had not liked it so, and I had to confess that I had always thought this concerto a more robust work but that I was happy that our audience and listeners should have the opportunity of hearing a different point of view. Giesecking was a very great pianist, and his conception,

though different from the usual one, was logical and may well have been nearer to the performances which Bach himself gave.

People seem to have the feeling that if an orchestral accompaniment is too strong, the removal of a few strings will improve matters. I cannot agree. You may get a clearer picture of the wood-wind if you do this, but you will certainly have too much brass unless you warn the players firmly; and if it is a violin concerto you will be bringing your *tutti* violin tone that amount nearer to a solo quality. Provided that they will play quietly, the contrast will be greater, and the tone will be more beautiful the greater the number of players taking part. Berlioz has said that one instrument alone can be beautiful; two, playing the same tune, far less so: but after that, as the number increases, the beauty also can increase, and I would add that this is true both in *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*—the more people you have playing the same tune, the more beautiful it is, whether loud or soft.

Position of the Conductor

As for piano concertos, in this country—and I believe nowhere else—the conductor often stands between the pianoforte and the audience. This is to me a poisonous position: one can hear only the soloist; the orchestra behind that lid blaze away without the conductor hearing them at all, and the lid is terribly in the way of the actual conducting and control of the orchestra. A so-called improvement is sometimes effected by shortening the stick which holds the lid in place—a criminal thing to do: the pianoforte manufacturer has calculated the angle at which the lid should be held in order that the sound can be projected straight out into the hall. A shortened stick alters this angle of direction, and throws the sound down at the feet of the people sitting in the front row, and the player's tone is correspondingly weakened.

It is a long time since I decided once and for all that continental and American conductors were right: no conductor should place himself between the pianoforte and the audience. I was conducting in Leicester when the soloist was Sir Malcolm Sargent. We had had what we thought was a spanking rehearsal of the Second Rachmaninov and had dispersed for tea when a friend who had been in the hall came up and said: 'I hope you don't mind my saying I have heard very little of the piano this afternoon'. From that moment I determined always to stand between the instrument and the orchestra, so that I could hear the accompaniment and not only the soloist. If one turns sideways one is wonderfully close to the keyboard, and if one keeps the right hand and arm well out to the right everybody can see the stick.

* * *

Concert halls throughout the world vary a great deal in their platforms, and orchestral tradition varies considerably also, so that a touring orchestra has many and unusual problems to solve every time it moves to a new hall. There are many principles involved, and it is true to say that there is no perfect solution to all the problems at once. Indeed I have heard it said that the right plan would be to let everyone sit where he wishes, regardless of the instrument he is playing—a better ensemble might be achieved that way, and there would be no blocks of homogeneous sound. But the disadvantages would also be formidable, and I personally am not inclined to try this bold plan, exciting though the results might be!

But we might explore some of the principles and discuss the various solutions though we certainly shall not be able to agree on the perfect answers. First, are we going to place our players on a level stage or on the tiers and steps which are built into most British halls? I prefer the levels to be different: the strings outnumber the wood-wind by six or more to one, and it seems only sensible that the eight, twelve, or even sixteen wood-wind

players should be raised: they have much solo work to do. On the other hand their instruments have a greater penetrating power than the strings, and string players must often be encouraged to listen to a wind soloist as they make their contribution to the accompanying background.

The only two rules that are in almost universal observance in the orchestral world are: first, that the leader of the orchestra sits on the conductor's immediate left; and, second, that the group of wood-wind soloists sits in the middle of the platform with the first players in the middle, flute next to oboe sitting on the first rise, and clarinet and bassoon together behind, in the middle of the second rise. But in some halls this is impossible, because the first rise is so far forward that there is hardly any room for the strings: in this case the wood-wind must sit higher and further back. In other halls the level space is so wide that it throws the wood-wind group too far back. This is a nuisance because their tone can easily be submerged, particularly in a theatre where the proscenium arch comes down low and throws the orchestral sound straight upwards instead of outwards to the audience. However, it is sometimes possible to get boxes and build the wood-wind forward a bit.

By way of exception, in a provincial hall recently I saw the whole wood-wind chorus placed in front of the platform to the conductor's right. This might give some distortion to those sitting in front seats in the hall, but to me in a distant gallery the result was often most effective.

Having placed the wood-wind, we should then see how far the strings can be packed in. In placing them it is now the fashion to start at the left with the first violins, and radiate round, second violins next, violas, then 'cellos, with the double basses on the extreme right of the platform, sometimes in front, sometimes further back, according to the space available.

There are two things here which I dislike intensely. This plan puts all the treble on the left of the platform and all the bass on the right, and, I submit, gives the audience a most unbalanced picture of the orchestral sound. Those sitting on the right of the hall (facing the platform) will get a preponderance of bass; in fact in the Royal Festival Hall, if one sits on that side one hears the bass sound first, and the tunes trickle across the hall a fraction late.

In Vienna, in one of the most perfect concert halls in the world, the basses are always placed in a row across the back of the top stage. They have the organ case immediately behind them, and a splendid foundation to the whole texture comes forward. The same layout is possible in the Royal Festival Hall, and I much prefer it that way.

This principle of tonal balance also affects the position of the second violins, about which I feel most strongly, although I am in a small minority. However, on my side are Bruno Walter, Monteux, Klemperer, and a few others, including Toscanini, who was adamant about it and insisted that the string balance should be preserved by placing the second violins on his right, exactly balancing the firsts on his left. The seconds thus share the front of the platform instead of being tucked away behind the firsts, where, I maintain, their tone is largely lost. Indeed, the practice which I so dislike came in only about fifty years

ago, and I am sure that the shades of Richter, Weingartner, Nikisch, and Toscanini are frowning at the modern idea, which thinks only of the convenience of the performers and nothing of the effect on the audience as envisaged by the composer.

True, it is easier for the first violins to have the seconds near them, and for the violas to be placed between the seconds and the 'cellos, but is ease of playing and convenience to be the chief criterion? Surely the result is what matters, and I can assert that on many occasions in many halls I have heard the give-and-take answering passages, which occur in all music from Mozart to the present day, sound completely ineffective when the answer comes as a pale reflection from behind the first violins instead of springing up bravely from the opposite side of the platform. If it is true, as is sometimes said, that the second violins are

so far turned away from the audience that they cannot be heard, I will flatly contradict; it is not so. If the outside players turn inwards and put their shoulders between their instruments and the audience, they can easily be stopped by the conductor. Another argument, that the firsts and seconds often play in octaves or unison, bow together, and therefore should sit together, is to me unimportant. If the leader of the seconds is any use, he will secure a perfect ensemble; if there is a piano-forte on the platform it does make it more difficult for him, but not impossible, and there is no doubt that a long unison, like the slow movement of *Scheherazade*, was thought of by Rimsky-Korsakov as coming from the front of the whole width of the stage in a most telling way.

Incidentally, the space each string player needs to enable him to bow comfortably varies a good deal. The

famous Amsterdam Orchestra has always placed itself exceedingly close, thereby helping its wonderful ensemble.

There are not so many considerations in regard to the placing of brass and percussion, once the strings and wood-wind are settled. It must not be forgotten that the sound of a horn emerges from behind the player's elbow. In the Royal Festival Hall, if the horn group is placed too near the wooden fence which separates the orchestra from the chorus seats, their tone hits the boarding behind them and is curiously magnified. The brass is often divided, with horns to one side of the wood-wind, and trumpets and trombones to the other. I like the trombones in the Festival Hall to be placed a little sideways so that they play into the orchestra and not directly out to the audience. Their tone blends better that way. Percussion, harps, and celesta fit in where they can, but I like the percussion as near the middle as possible, particularly the timpani which, like the string basses, seem so often to be the foundation of the whole.

In choral music, particularly where the soloists are closely involved in the choral texture, they are sometimes placed in front of the chorus nowadays, above and behind the orchestra. When the front of the platform is very low, it is indeed often better for most of the audience to have the solo quartet near the chorus; the orchestra, of course, must keep their accompaniment discreet. Once again I say, as on previous occasions: trust the orchestra. They can actually hear the soloists, and judge the balance for themselves, far more easily than if the soloists are singing away from them with their backs turned.

—Third Programme



Basil Cameron standing between the solo instrument and the orchestra while conducting a piano concerto during last year's Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. The soloist is Clifford Curzon

G. Macdonnic

Apart, Not Together

By PENELOPE MORTIMER

A FEW years ago a certain American magazine discovered that the world is a revolving sphere and that everything in the place goes round and round. This discovery, as I shall try to explain, led to the first philosophical concept ever to show a financial profit—'Togetherness'. The connexion may not seem immediately clear: but wait.

The world is round. It is not a rectangle; it is not a circular disc, placidly floating in celestial vapours. If it were, people would fall off the entire time. It would be a precarious, nerve-racking existence—jockeying for position, nothing to hold on to, kicking your neighbour savagely in the shins and listening to his screams of despair as he fell like a stone, or watching his smug smile as he ascended, like a gas balloon, into the upper regions.

But—the world is round. Therefore the fact that a human being is roughly constructed in a straight line, never to merge with other straight lines until a remote (and in any case chancy) infinity, was seen to be illogical. The design, they said, is not functional. It is not conforming with nature. It doesn't get anywhere; at least, not fast enough. It must have been at this point that some sly member of the editorial staff recalled—one can imagine his modest pride—the original circular man-woman described by Aristophanes. Each of these creatures, according to Aristophanes, was globular in shape, with four arms and four legs, and two faces, both the same, on a cylindrical neck. When they ran they simply whirled round and round; and they bowled along, apparently, at a pretty good speed. This was exactly what the founders of Togetherness, some twenty-four centuries later, had in mind. In future, they said, the individual must roll around like a hoop. In future, ends must meet, corners be knocked off, heads and heels be grafted together in perfect harmony.

With the aid of tranquillizers, hypnosis, and the cunning promotion of relaxation as an enviable virtue, this globular human being was not hard to perfect. The majority of such creatures, when subjected to gentle warmth and a persuasive pressure, were found to be remarkably pliable. Next, however, came the problem of their relationships to each other.

There was a rather crude, rough and ready design for this already in existence. It was called the Family Circle: an idea perfectly proper in shape, but unworkable now, since it required a pivot, formerly supplied by an old-fashioned man; or—as he was sometimes called in this context—prop, support, or mainstay. It was necessary, therefore, to design a new-type family circle which would be both strong and flexible enough to contain two or more exactly similar human units, and at the same time to find some dynamic that would not only keep the whole contrivance together but actually weld the separate individuals together and make them, in time, an intrinsic and indistinguishable part of the whole.

This force, of course, was empathy. Empathy is a kind of deep-ray method of thought, a series of emotional television sets by which it is possible to acquaint oneself, at any time or in any

place, with the most lurking thoughts, moods, fluctuations of feeling in the person or people with whom one is Together. It is most easily practised, naturally enough, in an atmosphere where there are no thoughts, moods, or fluctuations of feeling. Togetherness set out to achieve such an atmosphere.

First, rather obviously, solitude had to be made impossible. The old-fashioned house, with its separate rooms for sleeping, eating, sitting, drawing, cooking, breakfast, morning, dressing, and even occasionally guns, must go. In a honeycomb of sound-proof walls Togetherness would never catch on. Open-plan living was the remedy—a system of areas contained within four, frequently glass, walls, and divided, where absolutely necessary, by natural vegetation. Furniture, which had previously been constructed in separate entities—lonely tables, isolated chairs, solitary, unhappy broom cupboards—sprang together and became unified: long, unbroken surfaces sinking nearer and nearer to the floor in a passionate longing for homogeneity. And the floor itself, of course, was carpeted from wall to wall: no more of those desperate little rugs, no more ego-maniacs triumphantly keeping their feet

warm on private islands of Axminster.

By this time it was clear that Togetherness was no idle dream, but a way of life; and that this way of life needed a considerable income. It was therefore necessary, in view of the dangers inherent in its title, for Togetherness to make itself socially clear.

A Togetherer may only get together with his own kind. A Togetherer must accept the fact that outside the magic circle there are a distressing number of 'squares'—the poor, the wild, the unsuccessful; the blind, the irresolute, and the fool who hopes; the careless, the slap-happy; the child who plays by himself and the old man who waits by himself; the madmen, and all those who have no grade to make, no bus to catch, no benefit to reap. By disassociating itself from all social obligation or responsibility, Togetherness overcame the pitfalls of logic and was free to direct itself towards a simple but magnificent purpose—the improvement of the middle classes, the idealization of goods. Togetherness became, in fact, the philosophy of boom.

Let us, for a moment, see what it means. The human unit glides on its prescribed daily course, round and round, through the areas of its barely necessary chores. The hum of machinery hardly stirs the rubber plant, and the light is dim. Surrender; submerge; relax. All those loose ends, snags and jags, bits and pieces that used to clutter your soul are smoothed away. You will never be alone again. Husband and wife, gently illuminated with pride, hover over the washing-up machine; husband and wife empathetically joined, flow out of the family car and seep like ectoplasm into the living area where their children are engaged in the corporate passivity of watching television. Together—as far as hygiene and the curiously old-fashioned medical profession would permit—they gave birth to these children. Their faces glow with resolute goodwill towards themselves. So excellent is the family breakfast food, so habitual



their orgies of milk, that they are almost the same size. Their clothes are the same, their tastes are the same; their hopes, abilities, experience, and dreams are all entirely the same. Joined, inseparable, unanimous and uniform, they drop away and are left alone only in death: and quite suddenly the lights go out, the wind blows cold, they are naked souls swirling like leaves in the dark. The whole fatuous lie has exploded into nightmare.

Togetherness, which started as a journalist's gimmick, has become the bland justification of materialism and conformity. It sends us racing in ever-decreasing circles. Its subliminal promise is love, understanding, and progress: it provides only a receipt to prove that once again we have done better than the Joneses. We are led to expect the glow of comradeship, the final breakthrough into social awareness—and we get a soft drink, twopence back on the bottle. We are encouraged to hope that at last some tender benefactor may give us what we deserve for being so good, so loyal, so hard-working, so corporately gay—and we are offered some form of confectionery or soap, sweets for the soul and detergents to remove the stains of guilt. We earnestly attempt empathy and only manage to tune in to some nasty broodings, better left alone. Small wonder that Togetherness has led to dizziness, apathy, and the inability to distinguish between emotional indigestion and heart-failure.

So if we must—and in this day and unsafe age it seems necessary—have a notion, something fancy, expensive, and only remotely connected with human needs, to encourage us, what can we turn to now? The obvious answer is that we should break the vicious circle and revive the idea of a beginning and an end. Perhaps we can only be more merrily together if we have perfected the technique of being severely, even ruthlessly, apart.

Spread out. Build walls. Build huts, follies, summer houses, bothies. Set up, where necessary, wigwams. Our homes, far from

being open or planned, should be microcosms of life—that is, they should be complex containers for a variety of eccentric tastes: small plaster gnomes, large marble monuments, Picasso and Foxhunter, Jacobean and Japanese, freedom for pin-ups and privacy for tears. How can you beat your head against a brick wall when there isn't one? How, come to that, can you read, write, pray, practice standing on your head or playing the trombone other than in total solitude? The ideal is for every member of the human race to have a door of its own to lock fast.

An impossible ideal, I grant you—and its implications, like those of Togetherness, are far from cheery. One must assume that the desire to shut a door is followed, in due course and in the normally integrated and enlightened person, by a desire to open it. Although one cannot, of course, guarantee the reappearance of mystics, saints, or hermits—or those who out of pure absentmindedness happen to have lost their key.

The fact remains that agreement is only valuable when it is the result of independent thought; that progress is only possible by the voluntary association of a number of individuals—who have come, not to an end in their thinking, but to a conclusion. What we need is far more solitude, an immeasurably great degree of apartness—in each one of us a private wilderness in which, if only for forty winks, we can contemplate the fact that there may quite possibly be a hundred billion thumbs in this world, each one of them with a different imprint. For every man to say, like Gibbon, that he is never less alone than when by himself—this, surely is the essence of wisdom and the inspiration for a new campaign based on respect and dignity. I offer it, at a cut-rate to first-comers, to all those who feel they can further exploit a human need—to be solitary, to be curious; and to be left alone.—*Home Service*

The Bible and Tragedy

'A Little Less than God'

The first of four talks for Lent by the Rev. E. J. TINSLEY

A LITTLE less than God! 'A beast that perishes. These two contradictory descriptions of us both come from the Psalms. Taken together they point to the meaning of human tragedy. In these talks for Lent I am going to speak about tragedy and faith. I have chosen this subject because I believe the tragic view of life can be the threshold of Christian belief.

We use the word 'tragedy' in two main ways. First of all, we speak of certain every-day happenings as tragic. There is a man with great gifts on the threshold of a life of tremendous promise: suddenly, he is dead as the result of what seems the purest accident. A man and his wife long for a child, only to find themselves with a mongoloid. These things cut into us deeply. At some time or other we are all likely to face things of this kind, which suggest that life is entirely without purpose. There is only luck, good or bad. If we are believers, this sort of happening will test whether we have really felt human suffering as an acute problem. But if we are not believers we have no need to relate suffering to the providence of God. We develop an impressive stoical resignation. All the same, there is still the impulse to cry out in protest. Even if we take life to be meaningless, we still have the urge to make a gesture that this ought not to be so.

Secondly, we speak of tragic drama in the theatre. The writer of tragedies takes an event like the birth of a mongoloid child and uses it to make us reflect on the issues it raises, and makes us think in a more fundamental way than we should ever have done in the ordinary run of things. Shakespeare's *King Lear* or Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* voice for us the feeling of perplexity aroused by the tragic happenings of life; and they do it in such a way as to show how these experiences contain the raw material of both scepticism and faith.

The tragic experience is common to believer and unbeliever

alike. If the faith of the believer is closely related to all the facts, then it will have had to face the doubts, uncertainties, and anxieties of life. The deepest faith is that which contains within itself the maximum sensitivity to doubt and uncertainty. For the unbeliever, of course, there is nothing which can finally transcend doubt. The alternative to faith seems to be some form of the tragic view of life.

By the tragic view, then, I mean the attitude to life which is acutely aware of human dignity in relation to the chance happenings which can pervert, degrade, and destroy people. The tragic view makes a gesture against a meaninglessness which ought not to exist, and, it is implied, would not have existed if man had ordered things. In the unbeliever, of course, it becomes a blank rejection of such ideas as creation and providence, which it would replace by fatalism. We can see human beings remaining incomparably superior to all those circumstances which would seem only to underline our ultimate insignificance. The tragic view is one way of reacting to evil and suffering. We want to express a care for people who are the victims of so much pain, and we resent the chancy character of human calamity. We resent any God who, if He exists, must be held to permit calamity. This is not the only possible reaction, of course; the problem of suffering has led some of us into faith, and others out of it. Strange as it may seem, the Christian has an ancestry which came very near to accepting the tragic view: the people of Israel. The Old Testament is full of the way the Hebrews felt those experiences of life which produce both faith and unbelief. There you will find some of the most sublime expressions of faith in all literature (we think of many a psalm). But it also gives, in the book of Ecclesiastes, an expression of scepticism and the sense of total futility which would satisfy the most thorough-going nihilist.

(continued on page 542)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 16-22

Wednesday, March 16

The National Executive of the Labour Party agrees to a compromise in the dispute over Clause 4 (on public ownership) of the party's constitution

The disarmament plan of the Western Powers is put before the conference in Geneva

Thursday, March 17

The Royal Commission on the Police starts its enquiry

Eighty-nine nations attending the conference on the Law of the Sea in Geneva discuss a limit for territorial waters

The Conservatives gain seat in by-election at Brighouse and Spenborough, and hold seat at Harrow West

Friday, March 18

The conference of the Central Council of the Conservative Association carries a resolution, against the advice of the Government, for the restoration of corporal punishment for crimes of violence

Two Roman Catholic bishops are sentenced to terms of imprisonment by Communist courts in China and Yugoslavia

Saturday, March 19

The Russians put forward a new proposal at the conference on disarmament in Geneva

A revised programme is announced for Mr. Khrushchev's postponed and shortened visit to France

Sunday, March 20

Discussions continue in Cyprus between the Governor, the Colonial Under-Secretary, and service chiefs about the British bases in the island

60,000 cases of whisky are destroyed in a fire in Glasgow docks

Monday, March 21

Many Africans killed and wounded when police open fire on demonstrators at Sharpeville, South Africa

The Minister of Education says that the Government accepts in principle the Crowther Report's plan to raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, but considers that the elimination of oversize classes should be given first priority

Tuesday, March 22

Several hundred people gather outside South Africa House in London to protest against the shootings at Sharpeville

New royal baby to be known as Prince Andrew



Her Majesty the Queen with her third child, who was born on February 19: one of the first official photographs, taken last week by Cecil Beaton at Buckingham Palace. It was announced on Tuesday that the baby Prince's names will be Andrew Albert Christian Edward



Princess Margaret touring the Cheshire on March 18. With her visit the Princess went to switch on the transmitter in over a mill



An abstract bronze sculpture by Barbara Hepworth entitled 'Meridian' which was unveiled by Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, outside State House, Holborn, London, on March 17



Dr. Dudley Senanayake, whose strongest single group in Ceylon a rally in Kandy last week. Dr. Prime Minister (he previously Mr. Dahanayake (left-wing D announced he would attend the in



Bank radio telescope in
Well, the Director. During
ol room and was invited
satellite, Pioneer V, now
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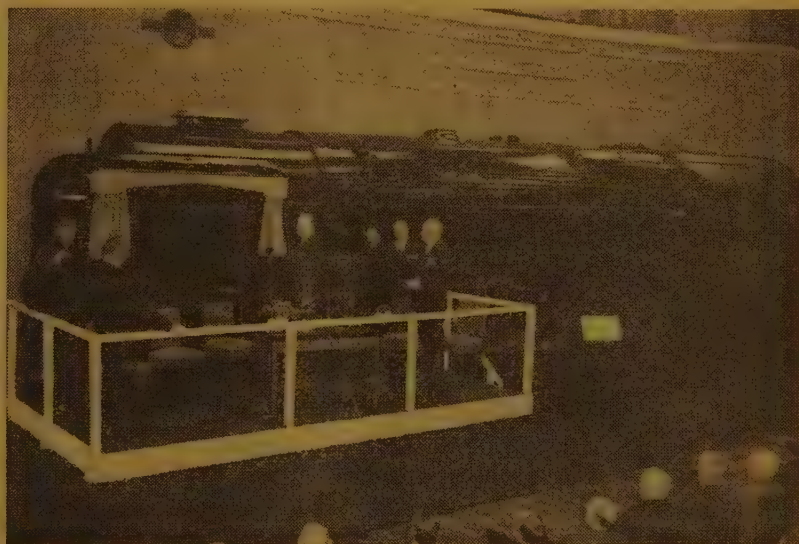
Nationals, emerged as the
on March 19, addressing
been sworn in as the new
n 1952-1954) to succeed
who lost his seat. He
ime Ministers' conference



Casualties lying on the ground at Sharpeville, near Johannesburg, South Africa, after police had opened fire on Africans demonstrating on March 21 against the law that they must carry pass-books. Sixty-six Africans are reported to have been killed and more than 180 wounded



Steeplejacks at work on the restored spire of Christ Church, Kennington, which is now incorporated into a modern block of offices. The church itself has been demolished and is being replaced by a smaller one on the site



The ceremony at Swindon locomotive works on March 18 as British Railways' last new steam engine was named 'Evening Star'



Right: R. H. Thomson of Scotland loses the ball as he is tackled by J. R. Young of England during the international rugby football match at Murrayfield last Saturday. England won by 21 points to 12, thus winning the Calcutta Cup and Triple Crown

(continued from page 539)

The Old Testament, whatever some may regard as its defects, is no book of shallow piety. It has a directness and a realism about human life that makes it remarkable as the Holy Scripture of two of the world's religions. It deals with experiences and tensions which we must go through if religious belief is to be mature. So we must share in the tragic experience of the Old Testament before we approach the events of the New Testament which take us beyond tragedy.

One would not expect to find humanism of any kind in the Old Testament, and certainly not the tragic kind. But it is there. The tragic view can develop only where there is a high sense of human dignity and freedom, and a sensitivity to the weaknesses and frailties of human nature. Some humanists suspect that religious people can have no real care for enjoyment, sexual love, human affection—basic features of a truly human existence. Certainly there is enough in the history of asceticism to justify this suspicion. But there is no ground for it in the Old Testament. The Old Testament has always been the despair of those who wish to found a thorough-going ascetical discipline on Scripture. The only ascetics who appear in the Old Testament, the Rechabites and Nazarites, are regarded as rather old-fashioned eccentrics.

On the contrary, there is a fine, warm humanity about the Old Testament. It is nothing if not realistic. There is no belief here in human perfectibility. The Hebrews were under no illusions about how foolish, unreasonable, and sinful we can be. If one Hebrew psalmist can say:

Thou hast made him a little less than God
And dost crown him with glory and honour.

another can add:

Man cannot abide in his pomp,
He is like the beasts that perish.

If there is in the Old Testament something worth calling 'humanism', and I believe there is, it is based on a lively sense that man is both a spirit-centred being 'a little less than God' and a human animal 'like the beasts that perish'. There are two types of humanism, and the difference between them turns simply on where we are invited to put our ultimate trust. We must have some self-confidence if we are to act at all, and certainly if we are going to act effectively. This is a vital point. Self-confidence is essential, self-sufficiency is disastrous. Self-confidence means proper acceptance of ourselves as we are; self-sufficiency is to persuade ourselves that we are what we can never be. What is to be the basis of our self-confidence? Are we to look entirely to ourselves; our intelligence, our potentialities, our virtues; or are we to look not to ourselves but to God?

The humanism of the Old Testament is clearly the God-centred and not the man-centred kind. In fact the Hebrews were certain that humanity is not an inevitable and assured quality, which we are incapable of losing or perverting. True humanity can be lost. We are spiritually as well as physically frail. The distance between human behaviour and that of the animals is not as permanently fixed as we, in our sophistication and culture, believe. For the Old Testament's true humanity is based upon our relation to God. If we are aware of this and act upon it, the more we consolidate and enrich our 'humanity'. If we assume that at least we can always remain human, we find that we soon cease to be even that.

The really important thing about us for the men of the Old Testament is that we are made in the image of God. By this the Hebrews meant that we can have a sort of likeness to God; we can create things, we can hate evil and love good, we can reflect on our history and on ourselves. They also had a rooted belief that God made us to rule over creation on his behalf;

they took the world very seriously. It mattered to them. They did not think we ought to behave as if it did not exist. It would be a mistake to think that the Hebrews came to this kind of belief easily. They knew the evidence that points the other way, that we are like the animals, born like them, dying like them.

Man in the Old Testament is certainly a frail creature, at the mercy of the relentless and unheeding powers of nature. But he is a being with his own unique worth and dignity. The God of the Old Testament has a scrupulous care for human status and privacy. He is the great lover of human freedom and independence. At times it looked as if the whole scheme had gone awry, and that God was like a sorcerer's apprentice who had started something He could not control. But the Hebrews believed the power of God could and would bring into order even the most unruly, stubborn, and sullen wills in his creation—but He would never do it irresponsibly or tyrannically. The artist who was responsible for modelling on Chartres Cathedral God in the act of creating man has captured splendidly the mood of the Old Testament. There you see God gently moulding this fragile and noble being, who bears some real likeness to Himself; and you get the impression that even though this creature, man, is going to cause suffering, even to God Himself, God still believes in man.

So the Old Testament gives you a humanism based on all the facts. The Hebrews had a full belief in human dignity. They knew what it was to feel despair. They knew what it was to feel that the human situation is hopelessly beyond redemption. The stories of Noah and the Flood reflect the belief that the only alternative open to God was to bring creation to an end by destroying it. But the stories of the Flood also show the Hebrews turning their backs finally on such a philosophy of despair, and reaffirming that in the end mankind and creation are worth redeeming.—*Home Service*

Three Poems

The Outflow

Softly the loose water
Sinks from the cloudy crags
Down through the bog-myrtle,
The mosses, the grasses, oozing
Wheedling ways like food
Making new blood, soaking
Slipping seeping under
Without a sound sidling
To the rock bottom
Of the lake engaged to the sky.

But look where the outflow,
The beck over scoured rock,
Jets and spurts in a hard
Irresistible scraping off
Of all but its one moment,
Passion's nonentity,
As a mastering man escapes
Into a woman's course
Who, bound to a source and a sea,
Can tell no more

Of the wayward life between
Than what in love she knows
Will flow through every sleep
Into her morning heart.

PATRIC DICKINSON

My Old Cat

My old cat is dead,
Who would butt me with his head.
He had the sleekest fur.
He had the blackest purr.
Always gentle with us
Was this black puss,
But when I found him today
Stiff and cold where he lay
His look was a lion's,
Full of rage, defiance:
Oh, he would not pretend
That what came was a friend
But met it in pure hate.
Well died, my old cat.

HAL SUMMERS

A Game of Patience

I put the cards out in a small neat row
(And will the letter come last post today?);
The kings look tawdry, too much put on show.
I deal the cards out in a solemn way
And half enjoy the promise and delay.

A game for convalescents or else those
(Much like myself) who wait for hopeless things.
That diamond shines, that heart rebukes and
glows,
The ace is solitary and it brings
Thoughts of a grandeur greater than the kings'.

The queen of spades means nothing and yet luck
(Evil or good) is what I wait upon.
Chance is the power over all this pack
(No letter yet, the second post has gone):
And when the game comes out I shall be back
Defeated still, this trivial victory won.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS



Inner thoughts on the Outer Seven

The coming of the Outer Seven free trade area suggests further development for export business. As the tariffs start tumbling, the surge will be on, more deals, more flying visits, more contracts, a faster flow from Britain to six countries in Europe.

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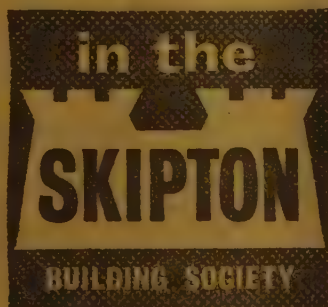
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A New Garden City in Finland

By DONALD COOK

IT was a strange feeling for me to stand virtually in the middle of Tapiola Garden City last summer and remember a holiday six years earlier when I had walked in virgin forest and swum in the warm water of one of the many inlets from the Gulf of Finland at this same spot.

Now, all around me was a town of flats and houses, of shops, offices, and cafés. All blended beautifully with the natural landscape of pines and silver birch. On broad lawns children played happily without fear of fast traffic, and in an atmosphere that was clean and fresh and clear of the smutty pollution of industry. Here the flowers bloomed in a profusion of colours which were repeated in the gay reds, blues, and yellows of the balconies of the flats half-hidden by the trees. There was a feeling of peace and undisturbed serenity which the coming of the town had left untouched. Indeed it was difficult to imagine that some 15,000 people lived here, and surprising that bustling Helsinki was only six miles to the east.

The 600-acre site had four main areas of development. In the centre were the administrative buildings, community centre, shops, cafés, schools, and church. Surrounding this hub were three neighbourhood units separated from each other by green belts. Provision had also been made for light industrial zones well away from the residential areas. Even so, the type of industry had been restricted to the clean and noiseless, and it will provide work for 15 to 20 per cent. of the population of the town.

But I think the key to the success of this project has been the progressive thinking of the various organizations which conceived the idea originally. At the end of the war Helsinki, like most European capitals, had an acute housing shortage made worse by the influx of refugees from Karelia and other districts of eastern Finland ceded to the Soviet Union. To cope with this a central body known as the Housing Foundation was formed, from such organizations as the Finnish trades unions, Society of Civil Servants, Family Welfare League, Tenants' Association, and several others representing people in need of housing. The Foundation started work in 1951 on this problem



Tapiola Garden City: a block of flats by Viljo Rewell—

throughout the country, but with Tapiola its main project. Its principal aim has been to raise the standard and quality of private housing generally, and Tapiola Garden City is proof of the brilliance of its work.

The Housing Foundation's basic idea was the

creation of an environment socially and physically suitable for man to live in, where his children could grow up in pleasant, healthy surroundings, safe from the dangers of traffic. The need for man's contact with nature was recognized, and I saw how carefully the buildings were subordinated to the landscape, how the natural contours of the land and trees had been preserved.

The architects who were engaged by the Foundation were some of Finland's best. Men like Rewell, Ervi Aho, Alvaro Tazio, Blomstedt, and many others were responsible for the designs of the dwellings. They were given complete freedom in their original designs for the various groups of dwellings, provided they kept within the Foundation's basic conception. Then their plans were submitted to a general committee of town planners, architects, household economy experts, and housewives, and debated until the final designs were agreed.

The housing they have produced is of many types to suit the various needs of the people. I saw detached houses of four or five rooms, kitchen, bathroom, and the inevitable *sauna*, or Finnish steam-bath. These houses had their own private gardens, there were flower-beds at the windows of the ground-floor rooms, and the slender silver birch spread a welcome shade over the grass.

Close by were semi-detached houses of slightly smaller size but, like the detached, intended for the larger families. In the blocks of flats were one- and two-roomed apartments for single people and childless couples.

I noticed too that there were experimental

dwellings: bungalows built of natural stone, and terraced houses in timber. I was impressed by the special attention given to interior treatment, particularly in the kitchen where there were roomy cupboard units, refrigerators, and electric stoves. The living-rooms were spacious and the houses had been properly situated so that there were good views of the natural surroundings from the large double windows. The bedrooms on the other side had small windows, often set high in the walls so that people could not see in from the public footpaths. Interiors were furnished, too, with mostly in light natural wood in contemporary



—and houses designed by Aulis Blomstedt

designs for which the Finns are well known, and curtains gaily coloured in abstract designs enhanced the effect.

Although buying a house in Finland is an expensive undertaking, the aim in Tapiola is owner-occupation, and some 90 per cent. of the population there do own their houses or flats. This does not mean that only one class of society has been catered for. On the contrary, there has been a definite effort to attract people from all walks of life.

The Housing Foundation appreciated the difficulties of suddenly planting a completely new community with its social differences in a new town without any basic population to help inte-

gration. An important factor was that the service facilities were provided in Tapiola before anybody took up residence. Among the first buildings to be completed in the town were the day nursery, nursery school, shops, bank, and post office, and these were open for business the day the first new inhabitants arrived. Shortly afterwards a cinema for 350 people was operating, and several cafés and club rooms were ready, much on the same lines as at Harlow. The Foundation also set up its own Public Relations Office to help residents settle in their new surroundings, by starting a local newspaper, publishing newsletters concerning the project and its workings, and generally building up a community spirit.

People were not left in isolation or in ignorance of the activities and possibilities offered.

Once Tapiola is completed by 1962, the Housing Foundation will hand over its responsibilities to the residents. Housing companies are formed so that each resident holds a specific number of shares according to the type of dwelling he owns. A board of management is appointed by the inhabitants, and is responsible for upkeep and maintenance throughout. I found it a rather complex system when studied in detail, but it is a method widely used in Finland these days and it seems to work satisfactorily, particularly in individual ownership of flats in single blocks.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Germany's Collective Shame

Sir,—May I as a German, who realized at an early stage the importance of studying the mentality of all those who became infatuated with the nazi ideology, offer some additional explanations on some of the points raised by Professor Mitscherlich in his talk 'Germany's Collective Shame' (THE LISTENER, March 10)?

Professor Mitscherlich is mistaken in saying that the ideology was invented in Germany because it existed long before Hitler made it his creed, and the real crux of the matter is to pinpoint those factors which can provide us with most of the answers.

Since we are confronted with a problem which in all its aspects is predominantly a psychological one, it is only natural to look for a general denominator which I believe, on the strength of my findings, to be the intellectual disorientation, which the nazi ideology was able to engender in the minds of those who embraced it; it was the immediate cause for bringing to the fore those defects of the national character which are normally the object of general reprobation in a healthy society. In practically every case which I examined I found that the fact-twisting machinery of the nazi propaganda had easy play in removing the thin veneer of a flabby morality under which the defects were lurking. Owing to the weak texture of the moral fibres as exemplified in the absence of moral and civic courage, nazi propaganda was able to infect the Germans with its vicious doctrines. The mind was confused with such slogans as: 'He who is against the Führer is against Germany.'

We should, however, beware of the fallacy that all this is peculiar to the German race, because, for other reasons, non-Germans seem to be just as liable to succumb to the slogans of an equally vicious and aggressive anti-ism.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E. 9 BRUNO KINDERMANN

Sir,—While Professor Mitscherlich may be right in saying that 'no one in Germany stood up for the Jews' under Hitler (though there were exceptions, like the German ambassador in Denmark), it is only fair to add that many Germans were unaware of the full horrors of the concentration camps.

Those of us who were concerned with political re-education after the war know that when films of the concentration camps were first shown to German prisoners of war, they were greeted with complete incredulity and dismissed as pure allied propaganda. It was only gradually that the ghastly truth went home. The sensational success of the play and book of Anne Frank's Diary (over 630,000 copies of the paper-back edition were sold in Western Germany) is a pointer in the same direction. Thousands of German students go in pilgrimage every year to Anne Frank's grave. Facts such as these also deserve to be mentioned.

All that is good in post-war Germany (and that is not a little) urgently needs our support and encouragement. Is a one-sided rejection of everything German really the best way to cure anti-semitism? The leaders of Israel do not seem to think so.—Yours, etc.,

St. Albans

EUGENE ROLFE

Don't Rock Our Boat

Sir,—I must thank your correspondent, Mr. L. C. McClean, for writing that he heard and read my broadcast talk on Central Africa (THE LISTENER, March 3) 'with much pleasure', although to be so patronizingly dismissed as a well-meaning British expatriate living in a never-never land did not give me much pleasure in return—even if this is a comparatively kind description of a white settler by a critic at home!

I would like to point out that I did not claim that mine was a majority view among white Central Africans. What I did try to indicate was that there is a liberal element in this country which might be much more influential if outside interference did not create so much reaction against liberalism; and also that even where motives are not liberal, the effect of the white man's presence—even of his 'vested interests'—is essentially a civilizing one.

Commenting on my reference to 'paternalism' your correspondent says 'A good father wants his children to do better than he did, and if that improvement occurs in his lifetime he rejoices', and that the African cannot be expected to rejoice if the white man 'gives equal rights to his grandson'. But the paternalistic attitude in

this context is one between races, not individuals, and a primitive race simply does not grow up in one generation.

There really are white settlers who think in terms of responsibilities rather than privileges. Their guardianship of both African interests and their own—which they are realists enough to identify—requires the maintenance of the civilized standards they have established. If these are sacrificed for the appeasement of African nationalist ambitions now, whose will be the gain? And will not the African 'grandsons' of whom your correspondent writes have little to rejoice about?

There is nothing 'saintly' about the kind of paternalism I defend; but in quoting the definition of liberalism in this country as 'co-operating with the inevitable' your correspondent should not have left out the adverbs 'generously and courageously' which my quotation included. African progress is inevitable but the courage and generosity of white men in Africa could make all the difference to the direction it takes. Our critics—and black men's champions—should be very careful not to undermine our courage and generosity by their lack of faith in us.—Yours, etc.,

Gwelo,

Southern Rhodesia

MARGARET BARNES

India: Independence and After

Sir,—I read with some delay the discussion between Mrs. Pandit and Michael Edwardes (THE LISTENER, March 10) in which she describes Jayaprakash Narayan's proposals for a partly decentralized economy and a 'grass-roots democracy' starting at the village council level, as a 'kind of pastoral ideal which does not fit into the economic age'.

Mrs. Pandit has an intimate knowledge of India, which I lack, but I think she has quite misunderstood Narayan's detailed and realistic proposals. I hold no brief for Jayaprakash Narayan, but during his recent visit to London, when I had the honour of being his host, I attended a number of discussions in which his proposals were submitted to a detailed scrutiny—i.e., during a seminar at St. Antony's in Oxford, attended by a number of experts in the field (see Guy Wint in the March issue of *Encounter*).

Mrs. Pandit expressed her disbelief that 'the average Indian today' would be content 'to sit somewhere planning his little village government and his little isolated society . . . and not participate more actively according to a more modern concept which brings him closer not only in thought but in action to the other countries of the world'. 'The average Indians', as Mrs. Pandit undoubtedly knows, are the 80 per cent. rural population who still vegetate in that poverty, mental isolation, and 'proto-plasmic apathy' which is a central problem of India, and for which Narayan's plan is offered as a remedy. This again Mrs. Pandit undoubtedly knows, for a few minutes after her rather abstract contention that the Indian peasant would no longer be content 'to plan his little village government' and itches to participate in the affairs of the world, she admits that 'co-operation' (with governmental blue-print planning) has so far been confined 'to the higher levels'.

But [she continues] there is something far more important, and that is the humblest skills for which one has to go down to the village. I am thinking of co-operation on that level. That will be the moment when the average man, or the little man, will identify himself with the progress of India. He is not going to enthuse over the great Bhakra-Nangal dam, or some other big scheme; but he will be enthusiastic over the little skills, the building up of the small things in his village or in the countryside, where he has his home. That, I think, ought to be exploited and used to the fullest extent very quickly, before the people become discontented and disillusioned.

That is precisely what the administration has so far failed to do, and what independent leaders such as Narayan are trying to do. It seems to me not quite fair to admit the necessity for such initiatives and to decry them at the same time as 'pastoral ideals which do not fit into the economic age'.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

A. KOESTLER

Symbol and Image

Sir,—In his first talk on 'Symbol and Image' (THE LISTENER, March 10) Sir Russell Brain says: 'When it comes to decoding the information conveyed by electrical impulses in the nerves, information about space presents no big problem'; and later in the same paragraph, 'The decoding of information about the quality of a sensation, however, does set the nervous system a problem'. His argument seems to be that, since the spatial relationships on the retina are reproduced in the visual cortex, the problem is solved and no further decoding by the brain is necessary. Surely it is no easier for the brain to decode spatially represented information from the visual cortex than from the retina.

It seems to me that the notion that the brain needs to decode information at all is open to question. Messages require decoding only when they are in a form which cannot be understood by a recipient. In this case the brain is the recipient and it is clearly able to respond to, and act on, the messages it receives. To assume otherwise is surely to commit the fallacy of assuming a little man somewhere inside our heads who is puzzled that the incoming messages are not in a form which he can understand and therefore need decoding. At first sight it may be puzzling that the classificatory categories which we use to describe our experience are not the same as the classificatory categories used by

neuro-physiologists to describe their observations. However, physical science works within a restricted framework dealing with mass, length, and time. It is impossible in this language to describe the experienced dimensions of smell, sound, or colour. All that can be done is to specify in physical terms the conditions under which such experiences arise.—Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

L. JOHN NEWSON

Sir,—In his second talk on 'Symbol and Image', published in THE LISTENER of March 17, Sir Russell Brain made an error when he stated that Sir Herbert Read approves of Tolstoy's definition of art. For Sir Herbert Read goes on, in his book *The Meaning of Art*, specifically to criticize it in a paragraph which I believe to be the best summary of the meaning of art.

Tolstoy demands that the artist should not only succeed in expressing his feeling, but also in transmitting it. That, I think, was the mistake which landed him into such difficulties. Because, if you put the artist and his feeling on one side, to whom, on the other side, must he convey his feeling? Naturally, Tolstoy had to conclude every man. And if to every man, then art must be so intelligible that the simplest peasant can appreciate it. So good-bye to Euripides, Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare, Bach, Beethoven, Goethe, Ibsen—in fact, good-bye to almost everything except stories from the Bible, folk-songs and legends, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Christmas Carol*. A theory is a complicated piece of machinery; it only needs the displacement of one unit or part to make it go wrong, or fall to pieces. The amendment I want to make in Tolstoy's definition, to make it agree with the statement of Matisse, and, more important, to make it agree with the facts, is simple. I would say that the function of art is not to transmit feeling so that others may experience the same feeling. That is only the function of the crudest forms of art—'programme music', melodrama, sentimental fiction and the like. The real function of art is to express feeling and transmit understanding. That is what the Greeks so perfectly realized and that is what, I think, Aristotle meant when he said that the purpose of drama was to purge our emotions. We come to the work of art already charged with emotional complexes; we find in the genuine work of art, not an excitation of these emotions, but peace, repose, equanimity. Nothing is more absurd than the spectacle of an ardent young snob trying to cultivate an emotion before a great work of art, in which all the artist's emotion has been transmuted to perfect intellectual freedom. It is true that the work of art arouses in us certain physical reactions: we are conscious of rhythm, harmony, unity, and these physical properties work upon our nerves. But they do not agitate them so much as soothe them, and if we must, psychologically speaking, call the resultant state of mind an emotion, it is an emotion totally different in kind from the emotion experienced and expressed by the artist in the act of creating the work of art. It is better described as a state of wonder or admiration, or more coldly but more exactly as a state of recognition. Our homage to an artist is our homage to a man who by his special gifts has solved our emotional problems for us.

Yours, etc.,

Greenford

D. L. ALFRED

Henry Moore on Television

Sir,—When will television producers realize that they have a remarkable visual instrument at their disposal and learn to use it? The interview with Henry Moore makes excellent reading in THE LISTENER of March 10, illustrated with one

photograph of the sculptor, and two of his works, but on the screen the works were hardly shown at all.

Every artist will agree that his work is more important than his face. Henry Moore has a large collection of photographs of his sculpture and if he had been invited to show a few of these in the course of the interview his remarks would have been much more effective. How many people who pass St. James's Park Station lift up their heads to look for his earliest commission? A photograph might have stimulated them to do so. The artist's comment on the importance of landscape might have been illustrated by some views of his sculpture on the Scottish moor near Dumfries. The reference to Michelangelo and to Mexican sculpture would have meant more to most viewers if they had seen a relevant example.

At the end of the interview Henry Moore said that he believed the average person would learn to appreciate sculpture or painting if they were only given a chance to see more; yet he was a chance thrown away. Let us become intimate with the artist and see him 'face face' by all means, let us see him at work in his studio and hear his views on art, but let us also see what he has produced.

The next programme began with Sir Malcolm Sargent giving a long description of Fingal's Cave. Could not some views of the locality have been shown?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

MARY CHAMOT

Graham Whettam's First Symphony

Sir,—May I assure your readers and you, music critic that he is quite wrong in inference that my First Symphony was in any way written under the influence or 'tutelage' of the late Dr. Vaughan Williams (THE LISTENER, March 10). Frankly many of Vaughan Williams's works are, for me, anathema. My symphony was dedicated 'V.W.' in admiration of the man, rather than implying admiration for his music.

The extent of Vaughan Williams's interest in my Symphony is perhaps best illustrated by his letter of November 1951 accepting the dedication, the shortest letter I have received from a composer:

Dear Mr. Whettam, Thank you for the dedication of your symphony. I do not need to see the score.—Yours, etc.,

I believe that he never either heard the work or saw the score.

Had the music of Mahler influenced me at the time of writing my First Symphony I am confident that the work would have been better in every way. Mahler was to influence me later, particularly in my Second Symphony. However, responsibility for my First Symphony should not, with all respect to Mr. Noble, in any way be attributed to Mahler or Vaughan Williams; this must be said in fairness to those composers.

In praising the enterprise and excellent performance of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Charles Groves, I heartily agree with Mr. Noble. Mr. Groves would, I know, have preferred to perform either my Second or Fourth Symphonies, both superior to the First. Unfortunately, however, the B.B.C. has so far refused to broadcast any but my earliest, and least accomplished, symphony.—Yours, etc.,

Coventry

GRAHAM D. WHETTAM

The Art of the Possible

(continued from page 524)

One possibility—the one which scientists have sometimes used in recent years to gain approval for constructive projects included in the story, as it were, of the current comic strip—has been to try to harness the existing system. Suppose that a conspiracy of unusually public-spirited scientists were to study all the accidental deaths in the world, famine, traffic, and disease included, and by an effort of international co-operation could fabricate evidence that these accidents were really the work of a malicious adversary—say the Martians; the devil is too long dead. Suppose they successfully kidded and frightened their governments—exactly as they have to do now when a constructive proposal needs to be got through. They would find that the protein deficiencies in Africa were part of an organized strategy of conquest; and protein deficiency would be gone in one year, not ten. We should see British, Russian, and American leaders bawling allied defiance at Mars as they did at Hitler, and their respective scientists co-operating with their tongues in their cheeks and a song in their hearts. The road accident rate, malaria, hookworm, leprosy—all of them would be put down to the Enemy and prodigies would be done to remove them. And finally we would set the wild hunt on psychopathology and irrational dominance behaviour, and cure the decision-takers themselves. After that they could safely be told the truth.

That is not an entirely frivolous idea—it is, in fact, almost the usual method now of securing support for useful work in many fields. In some ways it is also much what has happened in the history of revolutionary science and science in

war time, but these in themselves suggest why it will not do. So long as psychopathic policies are there in the structure of decision-making, we shall find ourselves balked in exactly the way that Soviet or our own war-time science was often balked by the emergence of political paranoias to divert it from the fruits of its purposive activities. And in fact not only is the problem now almost identical as between Britain and America on one hand, and Russia on the other, but there is ultimately only one solution, which is the same in each case—the growth of active resistance both by scientists and by the generality of individuals—including, in our own country, the ‘clownish’ activity which seemed so pointless to Mr. Koestler. The difference between the situation in open and closed societies is not that public opinion here can be expressed electorally—through the present parties it cannot, and if it were, the promises given would not be kept once the electoral situation was over—but rather that this kind of direct action is safe here and can therefore be orderly. We at least can have no excuse for failing in personal resistance to official pathology. This is particularly true of scientists and technicians, for whom the traditional ways of justifying a sitting posture, in terms of neutrality, carrying out democratic decisions, or plain silence and ear-shutting, will patently not do. Apart from anything else, they face the germ of a new, and this time domestic, Lysenko situation. The reason that, as the public cynically recognizes, official scientists always support official utterances on scientific grounds is not that they have been bribed or threatened, but that governments are experts in selecting experts who will participate in their own fantasy. We are now getting cases in the West where a pathological scientific tail is wagging a reluctant

political dog. I do not need to illustrate that any further by concrete example.

In case what I have said seems depressing, I would like to end with an expression of confidence. Our generation has an excellent chance of seeing this problem resolved. The next decade has also a chance of realizing Mr. Nevil Shute's prophecy, but the acute risk of that may be receding a little, and history has a way of disappointing apocalyptic prophecies. If we succeed, the character of human experience will change even more radically than it has been changed by medicine. It may mean a temporary realization of Professor Toulmin's fear that interest will shift too far from fundamental research to practical living—a breathing-space, perhaps, rather than a dark age, and a flattening of the present exponential growth of unapplied knowledge—but I would not offer to predict this.

Our best hope of realization is not in stern enthusiasms, but in the combativeness of the ordinary man in defence of the things he is always being encouraged to think unworthy—his skin, his food, his sexual relationships, his pleasures. We need courage, certainly, but only courage of one kind: if we could exchange the courage which is willing to annihilate the entire race on principle for a little intelligent cowardice in office, and above all for an intelligent love of pleasure, it would be of great value. Even the lack of principle and policy in party leaders is perhaps an exploitable thing—it makes it possible for us to reverse their attitudes 180 degrees by pressure applied to their chances of office. Men who like living for choice under the shadow of annihilation are not the natural masters of the art of the possible. It is up to our recalcitrance, then, in the nineteen-sixties to control, or instruct, or better eject them in favour of realities.

—Third Programme

Inter-University Bridge ‘Quiz’—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND heat of the inter-university ‘quiz’ on Network Three the contestants were from Nottingham University, represented by Mr. J. K. Atherton and Mr. T. W. Sales, and the University College of Swansea, Mr. R. B. Gravenor and Mr. G. Agers. They began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand:

♠ A 10 ♥ K 9 7 5 ♦ Q 8 2 ♣ A J 5 4

(a) Your partner opens One Diamond. What do you respond?

Full marks were awarded for One Heart or Two Clubs. The trap was to respond Three No Trumps—not good on this distribution with support for partner's suit.

(b) Your partner opens One Spade and there is an intervening call of Two Clubs. What do you bid? Double was judged best, with a consolation mark for Three No Trumps.

(c) Partner opens One Heart. What do you bid over an intervening call of Two Clubs? Four Hearts is best, Three Clubs the alternative. It is bad to double with such good support for partner's suit.

(d) Partner opens One Heart and the next player doubles. The correct call now is redouble.

The alternative, Four Hearts, suggests a weaker hand with strong distribution.

(e) Partner opens One Diamond and the next opponent overcalls with Three Spades. The brightest bid is Three No Trumps. It should be possible to run nine tricks and, if not, the defender with the long spades may have no re-entry. The less imaginative calls, earning a consolation mark, are double and Four Diamonds. At the end of this part of the programme the Swansea pair led by 16 out of 20 to Nottingham's 14.

The next test was to reach the best contract on the following pair of hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q J 3	♠ A 7 5
♥ A 5	♥ K J 8 3 2
♦ J 5 2	♦ 9 3
♣ K 10 8 3	♣ A 9 4

West is the dealer at game to East-West. Four Spades is the best contract, Four Hearts the next best. The Nottingham pair bid thus:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Atherton	Mr. Sales
1C	1H
1S	4C
4H	4S
5C	No

East's Four Clubs exaggerated his support. The other pair had a better auction:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Gravenor	Mr. Agers
1C	1H
1S	3C
3H	4H
No	

East might have bid Three Spades on the third round, but this pair scored 5 out of 10 and increased its lead to 21 against 14.

The final question related to probabilities. With the heart combination shown above, A 5 opposite K J 8 3 2, what are the chances of making five tricks at no-trumps?

To make all the tricks declarer has to find Q x x in the right hand. A 3-3 break is a 36 per cent. chance and this must be divided by 2, making the answer to the problem 18 per cent. Both pairs were fairly close and the final score was 28 to Swansea, 20 to Nottingham.

Both these pairs were wearisomely slow in their bidding. When at the end Mr. Reese put a direct question to one of the Nottingham pair: ‘Why are you so slow? Is it lack of experience, nerves or what?’ he received the disarming reply: ‘Because I am a slow thinker’.

The Carlyles of Cheyne Row

By JOANNA RICHARDSON

ONE hundred and twenty-six years ago, on Tuesday, June 10, 1834, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carlyle moved from lodgings off Gray's Inn Road to their new house in Chelsea. 'We proceeded all through Belgrave Square hither', remembered Carlyle long afterwards, 'with our Servant, our looser luggage, ourselves and a little canary bird, one hackney coach rumbling on with us all. . . . And here we spent our two and thirty years of hard battle against Fate; hard but not quite unvictorious'.

Such was the arrival of the Carlyles at No. 5 (now No. 24) Cheyne Row: that Queen Anne terrace house, within sound of the river tugs, that fast became not only 'an excellent lodgement, quite to our humour', but a shrine for eminent Victorians. Strangely assorted, brilliant, 'fretting and maddening as usual', the Carlyles lived there together until Jane died in 1866; and then her husband lived there alone for the fifteen years that remained to him. In 1895 the Carlyle House Memorial Trust was set up, and in 1936 the house was transferred to the National Trust. Today, newly re-decorated, and graced by Carlyle's furniture from the London Library, it is one of the most rewarding shrines in literary London.

It is rewarding because it remains astonishingly authentic. Glass cases have been banished to the attic, and posterity is free to touch and see for itself. This is not a museum: it is, as it should be, a house, a fact we can feel from the moment we enter the hall and discover Carlyle's rough walking-stick in the stand, and find his black and broad-brimmed hat on a peg by the garden door. The garden itself is all we had hoped for: there is Mrs. Carlyle's grape-vine (which produced, so she proudly wrote, 'two bunches of grapes in the season'); there is the grave of Nero, the dog, who met an untimely end beneath a butcher's cart in Upper Cheyne Row. And there is the lawn where FitzGerald once sat and smoked clay pipes with his taciturn Scottish host.

Here, coming back into the house, is the ground-floor parlour dining-room, and 'it is here', wrote Carlyle, just after they had moved in, 'it is here where we sit in dewy morning sunshine, and breakfast on hot coffee and the best of bread and butter'. It is here, too, that Chopin played the piano (the piano is still in the corner), and here that Dickens, Tennyson,

Leigh Hunt, Emerson, John Stuart Mill, Froude, Count d'Orsay, Mazzini, Charles Kingsley, and a procession of other guests came to call. Over the mantelpiece hangs Tait's famous picture of the Carlyles at home; and Jane's bead-turned chair (by the courtesy of the London Library) has just been restored to its proper place.

Down in the basement kitchen, where Tennyson and Carlyle used to smoke up the chimney,



A corner of the upstairs front drawing-room of Carlyle's house, showing the chair in which she died and, on the right, part of the screen papered by his wife

to spare Jane's feelings, we can still see Carlyle's Copeland plates on the dresser, and the well-scrubbed table on which Jane made her first loaf of bread. (She cried all night, so we are told, because the dough didn't rise.) And, next door, we can still see the pulleys for Carlyle's home-made shower-bath; buckets on ropes.

Up the chocolate-varnished stairs we go to the front drawing-room, 'an excellent, large, wholesome room', a period-piece to send Mr. Betjeman into uncontrollable raptures. There, by the window, is the £1 sofa on which E.B.B. gushed to Mrs. Carlyle: 'Isn't it wonderful to be married to a man of genius!' Since I've never liked Mrs. Browning, I'm delighted to report the Parthian reply from Mrs. Carlyle: 'H'm, three months of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and the rest is *The Pleasures of Imagination*'. But, poor Jane! She must have had a hard time with her silent, dyspeptic husband, and her own migraine and insomnia. She must have stitched many cares into her sewing. Here is her charming workbox, complete with needles and thread and buttons. Here is Carlyle's reading-chair, with its adjustable bookrests and its heavily quilted arms. (It seems hardly possible that he died in it seventy-nine years ago.)

Lady Ashburton is present, too, in engraving, if not in the flesh: big-bosomed and benevolent. She smiles at us, condescendingly, from the wall as we pass into Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom and see (yes, Mr. Carlyle must be at home) the buff dressing-gown hanging up on the back of the door. And so we go upstairs yet again, to the famous sound-proof attic study which took seven men five months to build at a cost of £160.

Alas, it didn't prove successful even then: all the cocks in nature might crow around it without Carlyle hearing a whisper, but the distant sounds of railway whistles and bells became quite painfully audible. But, still, we can sit at the desk which Carlyle used for fifty years, the large, school-like desk on which, 'very grim, very eloquent', he wrote all his books except the *Life of Schiller*. And, through the back window, we can, by imagination, see the view that delighted Old Fanny that Victorian April night.

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday [he wrote to his friend Bernard Barton in 1844]. We ascended from his dining-room carrying pipes and tobacco up through the storeys of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof: there we sat down: the window was open, and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond trees in blossom and beyond, bare walls of house, and over the roofs and chimneys, and roofs and chimneys, a here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. . . .

It is a picture that might have been drawn by De Quincey. And perhaps it also gratified Carlyle. For when FitzGerald tried to persuade him to leave 'filthy Chelsea', the Sage responded gruffly that Jane liked London. Was he fond of it himself than he cared to admit?

Just a few days before his own quiet death in 1883, Edward FitzGerald 'got into a Cab in Chelsea, for the purpose of seeing Carlyle's Statue on the Embankment, and to take a last look at his old House in Cheyne Row. The Statue very good, I thought, though looking somewhat small for want of a good Background to set it off: but the old House! Shut up and neglected—"To Let"—was sad enough to me.

I like to think that FitzGerald's ghost, in his old plaid and blue glasses, has recently walked back down Cheyne Row. A visit to the house today would be enough to turn him into the ghost of a young guest who (in spite of Carlyle's horror) danced a polka down the street a century ago.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Gilbert Murray: An Unfinished Autobiography. With Contributions by his Friends. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Reviewed by ALAN THOMAS

YOU MIGHT NOT think it', Gilbert Murray once said, smiling as he spoke and his voice, as always, gentle, 'You might not think it, but I am seething with indignation'. He undoubtedly was—probably over some injustice to an underdog. But a civilized man, particularly one with a sense of the absurd, as Murray had, shows even his wrath in a civilized manner. There is a story that at a lunch given by J. M. Barrie with Shaw, Wells, Murray, and others present, each was invited to describe an occasion when he had been the worse for alcohol. Shaw alone had nothing to offer. Murray on the other hand confessed to once having been slightly tipsy in an olive grove in Greece. The story is uncorroborated, even unlikely. All the same, for one who had imbibed so deeply of the spirit of ancient Greece to let himself go—and then only slightly—in the intoxicating and lovely surroundings of his spiritual home is not to be counted against him; at worst it is a venial offence against civilized behaviour. Throughout his life this concern with civilized conduct—in its best and fullest sense—was at once a weakness and a strength.

We glimpse something of this even in the all too brief fragment of autobiography with which his book opens. It carries his story from his early years in Australia, via Oxford (paid for entirely by scholarships), and a professorship at Glasgow, up to the time of his marriage. It tells us almost as much about his father, his mother, his colleagues, and his friends as it does about himself. The civilizing instinct flourished with difficulty in the kind of school he was sent to in Australia. One reads of boys stoning a bird to death—and understands how a boy like Murray must have felt when he too was made to take a stone and fling it at the bird. 'When the others had gone, I came back to look for the bird and, in case it was alive, to put it out of its misery; it was dead . . .' He had to go back to perform, if he could, some service to a bird. A large part of his life was to be spent in leaving whatever he was at to perform, if he could, some service to the world.

This ingrained sense of service, had it needed enforcement, would have found it in the traditions of the family into which he married, particularly in the character of Lady Mary Howard who was to be his wife—'that welcoming affectionate spirit', Dr. Audrey Richards wrote after her death, 'who would have torn herself to pieces for any child or friend'. Even as a teacher of Greek (Isobel Henderson records) he never believed that the professional duty overrode all others. He set his course by a tradition that was both Victorian and classical; to him it was unquestionable that, in peace as in war, the public call must be obeyed first, and that research, however laborious or entrancing, was a privilege of unclaimed leisure'.

But highmindedness and devotion—rare,

so sorely needed qualities—were to be pitted against the tumult of the years. In a penetrating essay Salvador de Madariaga speaks of Robert Cecil and Murray as civic monks dedicated to the organization of peace through the League of Nations. But, Madariaga writes, 'The world of nations was not just a society which had been somewhat given to disorder, and which a number of years under civic monks would gradually canalize into some sort of King's Peace; it was a meeting of rivers of passion rushing at each other from fierce and dark upper valleys, where the tribal totems still exacted human sacrifices'. Yet through it all Murray never lost faith. 'To the very end', writes Bertrand Russell, 'Gilbert did everything that lay in his power to salvage civilization, and for this he deserves to be honoured by all who cared for the things that he valued'.

The contributions contained in this book (one of them supplements the unfinished autobiography) are all written by friends—Arnold Toynbee, Sybil Thorndike, E. R. Dodds, as well as some of those already mentioned. They deal in the main with aspects of his public life. This they to some extent illuminate. As a man, in Toynbee's words, 'he was genial, yet at the same time he was detached. At any moment he could stand alone. He was not psychologically dependent on the human relations that meant so much to him'. A full, intimate, and essential study of one who was so approachable, yet in another sense so remote, would not perhaps be easy. But it will, one hopes, be attempted.

Waterloo. By John Naylor. Batsford. 21s. 'Because you have been beaten by Wellington', said Napoleon to Soult before Waterloo, 'you consider him a great general. And now I tell you that he is a bad general, that the English are bad troops, and that this affair is nothing more serious than eating one's breakfast'. The Emperor reckoned his chances as ninety out of a hundred. Had he heard what his opponent said to Lord Uxbridge at about the same time he was addressing Soult, he would have smiled at his own shrewdness. 'Plans!' said Wellington: 'I have no plans. I shall be guided by circumstances'.

In Mr. Naylor's well-balanced account of the battle, strategy and tactics are made plain: Napoleon's brilliance in dividing the allied armies under Wellington and the Prussians under Blücher; his defeat of Blücher at Ligny; the failure of Ney to seize advantages, not once but time after time, and his tactical blunder in pitting cavalry, unsupported, against British infantry in squares; Napoleon's misguided idea that he had beaten the Prussians so badly that they could not intervene to help Wellington, and the tardiness with which he issued some of his most essential orders.

It has always been realized that it was a near thing, but Mr. Naylor brings home to the reader how unreliable were many of Wellington's troops. For instance, the Cumberland Hussars just bolted, with their colonel at the head, and the Belgians were not much better. But what made Napoleon's arrogant statement so wildly

wrong was that if Wellington had had his Peninsula army to rely on, instead of a scratch force, Napoleon would have been defeated earlier than he was, and would have realized (as perhaps he never did) just how good British troops could be. The nation was not unreasonable in its military confidence. British sailors had beaten the French on most of the seas of the world: her soldiers won at Maida, in Spain and Portugal, and once for all in Belgium.

Mr. Naylor's book is produced so very handsomely that it seems a pity to illustrate so poor an example of the Waterloo medal. The Duke on the jacket is just right.

OLIVER WARNER

Francis Bacon: the first statesman of science. By J. G. Crowther. Cresset Press. 35s.

There are many biographies of Bacon, and many studies of his scientific thought. Mr. Crowther has interesting things to say both about Bacon's life and about his ideas: but his stimulating book is chiefly intended as a tract for the times. He attempts to resolve the famous paradox that Bacon's noble ideal of using science 'for the relief of man's estate' was combined with an ignoble sycophancy to a corrupt court. Mr. Crowther suggests that Bacon felt he must secure political power in order to realize his conception of a planned scientific society, or at least to give the maximum publicity to propaganda on its behalf. Because he lived in a world where conspicuous expenditure was necessary to command respect, and he himself was a younger son with no inherited income, Bacon was continually in debt. ('If he had been punctilious over his debts', observes Mr. Crowther, 'a large part of his works would almost certainly have been lost'). Bacon took bribes to enable him to maintain his state as Lord Chancellor, though without allowing his judicial decisions to be influenced. This is a plausible thesis, though it would be more convincing if Mr. Crowther could show that Bacon did in fact make any serious attempt to interest James I's government in planning scientific research. The answer is, of course, that a court run by Somerset and Buckingham could never have even understood what Bacon was driving at; and that Bacon should surely have seen this long before he won high office. Mr. Crowther counters this ingeniously by suggesting that Bacon's 'personality was not completely integrated', that he was utterly insensitive where personal relations were concerned, and that his elaborate attempts to overcome this shortcoming account both for his exaggerated flattery and for the failure of anyone to be deceived by it.

But Mr. Crowther's main concern is to draw morals. In consequence of the failure to breed 'statesmen of science', a disastrous dualism grew up: science became specialized, academic, individualist, either exploited for financial profit by business men or enjoyed as a hobby by the 'pure' scientist. But now such dangerous powers have come into the hands of our latter-day Buckinghamians that scientists can no longer

afford to sit back and avoid Bacon's political catastrophe by rejecting his political aspirations. They must, Mr. Crowther thinks, take some responsibility for the uses to which science is put. If scientists do not turn statesmen, the politicians may destroy the world.

Mr. Crowther argues interestingly that nineteenth-century criticisms of Bacon's scientific method missed precisely this political point: that Bacon rejected the purely individualist and specialized search for truth in a narrow sector. Hence his coolness towards the achievements of Copernicus and Gilbert. Bacon was not 'primarily concerned in making scientific discoveries, but with the organization and utilization of science, and its proper integration in the rest of human life'. He wanted an advance on the whole front, a total planning of science, including the sciences of history, politics, and ethics. He 'would not have recognized in the professional scientific societies of today the embodiment of the comprehensive scientific social order which he envisaged'. Bacon thought of science as a democratizer. 'My way of discovering sciences', he claimed, 'goes far to level men's wits; and leaves but little to individual excellence; because it performs everything by the surest rules and demonstrations'. The greatest seventeenth-century Baconian, Robert Hooke, hoped that 'henceforward the business of invention will not be so much the effect of acute wit, as of a serious and industrious prosecution'. The developments of three centuries, and in particular the invention of electronic computers, have at last enabled scientists to catch up with Bacon and Hooke, Mr. Crowther thinks: now their ideas must urgently be realized. 'For', in Bacon's words, 'the matter in hand is no mere felicity of speculation, but the real business and fortunes of the human race'.

CHRISTOPHER HILL

Agriculture and Urban Growth

By G. P. Wibberley.

Michael Joseph. 21s.

In every country in the world the problems caused by urban growth are so numerous that it is not easy to see them in focus. This is particularly true of a small island like Britain, not self-supporting in terms of food production and especially vulnerable in time of war. For some years research has been carried out at Wye College, under the direction of Dr. Wibberley, into the kinds of competition for land which have accompanied urbanization. Dr. Wibberley draws on special research not only to show the urgency and complexity of his theme, but also to suggest how the worst effects of urban growth and disturbance may be modified, and methods devised to meet the needs of housing, recreation, and industry. The urban land area in England and Wales was about 2,000,000 acres in 1900 and rose to 3,600,000 in 1950. It will probably amount to 4,200,000 acres by 1970. 'To bring the picture more closely in line with personal memory', he says, 'it can be seen that between 1925 and 1950 the increase in the urban area was more than one-half. This emphasizes how recent much of the growth of urban development is in this country'.

Contrary to current opinion, it is not industry itself which constitutes the biggest threat to land. Housing accounts for 42 per cent., open spaces for 20 per cent., and industry for 7 per cent. The point which is rightly stressed here is

that, as standards of living rise, so people demand more space for their homes, offices, parks, and playing-fields. They leave the centres of cities and seek a fuller life further away from work. Therefore it is not so much increase of population, but the growth of wider demands within that population, which makes for such rapid change in the balance between city and farm. Civilization generally means a more lavish use of land for purposes not agricultural. While this need not cause alarm, Dr. Wibberley thinks it calls for a continuous and detailed measurement of land usage, as part of national policy. Knowledge about the pattern of land-use in Britain is defective because the only source of exact information on this subject—the Land Utilization Survey which took place between 1931 and 1939—is out of date. For that reason Dr. Wibberley and his colleagues should obviously be encouraged to keep such records so that the most fundamental criticism of this authoritative and factual analysis can be met, namely: 'All in all, we have not yet resolved the basic problem of how to use our land in the most economical and worthwhile fashion'.

E. W. MARTIN

Freud: the Mind of the Moralist

By Philip Rieff. Gollancz. 30s.

It is the not uncommon fate of the exegetist that his expository glosses end by producing more confusion than the texts they are intended to illuminate. In the case of commentaries on Freudian theory this outcome is only too easy; and Mr. Rieff's brilliantly written if somewhat pedantic and tendentious book is no exception to the melancholy rule. A sociologist with metaphysical leanings, he sets himself the task of probing Freud's doctrines so as 'to bare' their intellectual and moral implications. Basing himself for the most part on Freud's work on pure and applied psycho-analysis, together with some of his more speculative essays, and interpolating occasional references to his character and cultural background, Mr. Rieff supplies a running commentary on Freud's views regarding, *inter alia*, conflict, character, and conduct, the relation of the unconscious ego to a rational and rationalizing consciousness, the dynamic influence of the unconscious past, interpretation and symbolism, sexuality, political and social philosophy, the foundations and functions of mass-psychology and religion, and the relation of art to neurosis.

The burden of all this is that, partly unwittingly, and partly by the sheer force and direction of his own ideas, Freud was a moralist *par excellence*, and that the objectivity he solicited from or induced in his subjects was a greater ethical burden than the traditional moralities to which they had previously given assent.

As no doubt the author would readily agree, most of the points he wishes to make are matters of opinion; and in fact their relevance depends in the first instance on the fidelity and balance of his presentation of Freud's views. It is here that Mr. Rieff fails, not conspicuously, for he adduces a multitude of references, but, in view of his skill in dialectic, lamentably. However copious the documentation he succeeds not only in jumbling many of his presentations, but in omitting several key-conceptions with which any clinical student of psycho-analysis is familiar. To discuss infantile and adult sexual morality without describing the processes of aim-inhibi-

tion is to leave your reader ill-informed. Even the Freudian key-concept of repression is presented in a confused manner; one is frequently at a loss to know whether the author is speaking of a normal unconscious mechanism, a pathological tendency, or a code of deliberately framed social regulations. And the same can be said of the author's views of resistance. The psychology of everyday life is apparently equated with neurotic character; and the term neurosis itself is employed as a general pathological condition rather than a specific clinical entity.

This and much more could have been avoided had Mr. Rieff been familiar with the clinical history of psycho-analytical discoveries. As it is, and despite much praise of Freud's genius and integrity, the author's attitude to Freud's theory is mildly pejorative, to borrow an adjective which Mr. Rieff is inordinately fond. Indeed there is little doubt that, had he been a clinician, his sympathies would have lain with the Adlerian school of thought. Libido, narcissism, symbolism, interpretation, group-identification survive his ministrations in a somewhat mangled state, as incidentally do the neo-Freudians with whom he persists in confusing Karen Horney and Fromm who have no more claim to be neo-Freudians than has Mr. Rieff.

All this notwithstanding, or perhaps because of it, the book will be deservedly popular amongst our modern meta-sociologists if not indeed some of our modern divines.

EDWARD GLOVER

The Books at the Wake: a study of the literary allusions in James Joyce's

Finnegans Wake

By James S. Atherton. Faber. 30s.

The library binding of a part of his last book would have pleased James Joyce: JOY. *Have Childrens Everywhere*. Following the portrait figure of Richard Ellman's fine biography another 'sons and daughters of', that work which Joyce imagined to have been a co-operation between writer and potential reader. In many ways it is complementary to J. Mitchell Morse's *The Sympathetic Alien*, a study of the Irish writer and Catholicism. Thus through the commentators it seems that Joyce's promise of being fulfilled. 'In writing of the night I realized I could not, I felt I could not, use words in the ordinary connexions. Used that way they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages—conscious, then semi-conscious, then unconscious. . . . When morning comes of course everything will be clear again. . . . I give them back their English language. I'm not destroying it for good'.

Now that the musical element has had attention, there remains one major aspect to be considered in detail, perhaps by a 'sound-book' made in Ireland, the use of accent, intonation, the swing and pitch of Irish talk, which carry on its stream hundreds of associations with other languages. Remaining this side the Irish sea, James Atherton, a lecturer in English, born and living in Wigan, has read and considered the volumes, sacred, profane, classical, important or obscure used for Joyce's 'universal history'.

First come the 'structural' books, from Virgil to the psychologists, and authors concerned with technique; then a summary of Joyce's axioms; secondly the literary sources, lesser Irish writers, Swift, Lewis, Carroll, Shakespeare, and others from whom Joyce took illustrations for his ma-

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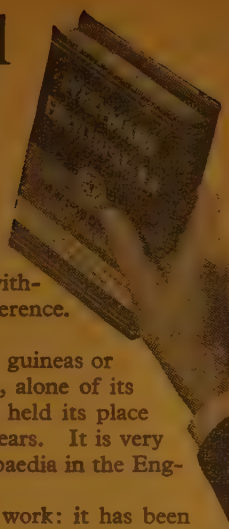


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These Observer Profiles are now famous. There is one almost every Sunday, with only an occasional break. And, when those rare breaks occur, there are disappointed readers everywhere, for to meet a celebrity via a Profile can have advantages even over meeting him face to face: it is less risky, perhaps more amusing, almost certainly more informative.

The Observer started this remarkable series back in the mid-war years, in 1942, when newsprint was so scarce and crowded that no feature rated more than a half-column with a one-line head. It was one of the innovations of the issue of March that year which announced the retirement (after 34 years as editor) of the fabulous J. L. Garvin. The Profile, therefore, is a post-Garvin phenomenon, a signpost of the latterday Observer.

Very early the characteristic variety and acuteness made their appearance. A biting picture of the discredited Pierre Laval followed a friendly assessment of Archbishop Temple. Amongst other early subjects were Gandhi, Molotov, 'Lord Louis' Mountbatten.

Who are latest in this ever-lengthening portrait-gallery? This year they have been as varied and revealing as ever they were. Balenciaga ("He never sees a customer except by accident"). Lady Albemarle, of the Albemarle Report. Ernest Marples ("Some think him intolerably cocky... He is the kind of Chinese cracker every party needs"). Sir Solly Zuckerman, the newly appointed Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Defence...

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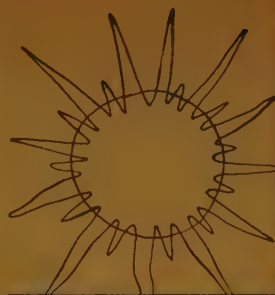
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themes. Although various histories are mentioned, his use of topographical material, and, of course, the periodical background, have not been included.

Even more valuable than this collation and the discussion of various views of the *Wake* are Mr. Atherton's own interpretations. One wonders if in the course of serial publication they have also been in mutation. The claim that Joyce saw himself as a 'poet and prophet, and his work as the sacred book of a new religion' is perhaps true only in retrospect. Finally *Finnegans Wake* 'is intended to present its readers with a mystery just as insoluble as he considered God's creation to be'. Joyce himself was not concerned to demonstrate but to find; and he described a tunnelling process through material pre-existent in some way, waiting to be 'possibilized'. Nor did he escape the fear of every activator, whether of the arts or a satisfactory life-pattern, that at some stage his powers may be inadequate to propel him through the cloud of not-knowing to his rightful place in the sun.

Joyce's preoccupation with secret guilt, a fall from innocence, is surely an oblique concern with the problem of free-will. Divinity for him, whether as 'Supreme Being' or source of beneficent energy, by the very impulse to differentiate and create, must pass through the dark night of the soul. According to this account, the meaning of the last words of the *Wake*—symbolized by the kiss of Arrah-na-Pogue transmitting the written message which sets the prisoner free—'can be expressed quite simply as that it is Love which is the basis of our existence'.

PATRICIA HUTCHINS

The Third Voice: British and American Verse Drama. By Denis Donoghue. Oxford, for Princeton. 30s.

Mr. Donoghue is a tough young critic who has lived too long with his American colleagues for the good of his style. However his book comes to us by way of Princeton where the critical intelligence is very much alert, and although it is often intractable it is generally well worth reading. The moment was ripe for a revaluation of poetic (or verse) drama, because, in England at least, the movement seems to have petered out. It is five years since Mr. Christopher Fry wrote an original play in verse; and that is not a matter to worry Mr. Donoghue. He puts his finger unerringly on the principal weakness of Mr. Fry's verbal intemperance; that all his characters get drunk in exactly the same way. Nevertheless I think he underrates the dramatic strength of *The Lady's Not for Burning*, where the theme of the death-wish at war with the life-wish and being overcome by it is in itself an exceedingly good one, and is effectively realized. He is right, too, in pointing out the paradox of *The Dark is Light Enough*, where a greater verbal sobriety does not help a play which is dramatically inert.

More than two thirds of Mr. Donoghue's book is devoted to Mr. Eliot, and here his rather surprising verdict that *The Confidential Clerk* is the most successful, because it is the most integrated and coherent, of Mr. Eliot's verse plays, is so well argued that it at least compels one to think out afresh what one means by poetry in the theatre. Mr. Eliot has never

claimed that his own way of poetic self-abnegation is the only valid way to the restoration of verse upon the stage; and Mr. Donoghue does not discuss how far it has been due to a simple failure of impulse.

The fact remains, however, that the last of Mr. Eliot's important poetry was the *Four Quartets*, and that echoes of these are to be found in *The Family Reunion*. This of course does not in itself turn *The Family Reunion* into a good play, although I think it a much better play than Mr. Donoghue is prepared to admit. The difficulty here is not only that the discrepancy is too great between the characters which are serious and the characters which are satirized, but that even the former talk too much alike. The scene between Uncle Charles and Downing is a brilliant exception to this similarity. Moreover the conversion of Harry, which is the central point of the play, is too subtle to be theatrically effective, and the dialogue throughout fails to communicate its meaning with the immediacy which the theatre requires. Nevertheless I think, in disagreement with Mr. Donoghue, that Mr. Eliot was right in claiming the elasticity of the verse in *The Family Reunion* as the play's most important achievement.

When Mr. Donoghue, with all due respect, designates Mr. Eliot's drama as 'pale-face', he suggests an emotional aridity which is barely concealed beneath the theatrical clock-work of *The Confidential Clerk*. If Mr. Eliot had developed the satirical intentions and the tighter metres of *Sweeney Agonistes* and even of *The Portrait of a Lady*, I think the results might have been more rewarding. But in the present state of the theatre we should be thankful for what Mr. Eliot has given us, which is, when all is said, more than anybody else. Mr. Donoghue subjects the dramatic experiments of Pound, Auden, Yeats, Macleish, and others to a rigorous assessment, but I am sorry that he did not discuss Jonathan Griffin's remarkable trilogy *The Hidden King*. This was much better appreciated in America than it was in England, where a majority of critics took pleasure in executing a play before which they should have been proud to go down upon their knees.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

The Black Diaries of Roger Casement By P. Singleton-Gates and M. Girodias. Sidgwick and Jackson. £5 5s.

The title is something of a misnomer. Out of 536 pages, less than a fifth comprise the two so-called 'Black Diaries', for 1903 and 1910. The rest is filled in by Casement's official reports to the Foreign Office, the authors' interpretations of Casement as a man, and of Anglo-Irish history. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book concerns Casement's visit to Germany during the first world war, to raise a brigade of Irish prisoners of war. It was intended to use them in Ireland against the British. The mission was a complete failure.

The first diary is largely used to record bare facts of his social life, his daily routine, the activities of his dog. Casement seems to have been obsessed with physical time; he doesn't leave camp at 7 o'clock, but at 6.58. He was also obsessed in a curious way with small sums of money. He enjoyed roulette, and not only details his exact losses and gains, but for some reason

often translates sterling into dollars, reis, or pesetas.

This first diary is an almost unbelievably boring mass of minutiae, to an outsider pointless, sometimes incomprehensible. Why not? It was never intended for publication. It is the diary of a lonely man, jotting down at random, probably half asleep, the dreamlike landmarks of his day. At least part of its purpose was to remind him later (as vividly as a diary can even after years) of those all too fleeting moments of gratification to which his own variations within a homosexual context condemned him.

These particular entries, not startlingly numerous, show him to have been an obsessive voyeur. Faces and bodies are mentioned in an oblique fashion, so oblique that in the ordinary course of events most people would see nothing sinister in, for example, 'saw very beautiful near Casino in shop door'; but certain entries leave no doubt that much fantasy was sometimes translated into sado-masochistic fact. If the one for April 17, 1903, is accepted at face value, Casement himself regarded homosexuality as a 'terrible disease'—an attitude of mind leading only to a vicious circle of misery and compulsion. So far as is known, he never confided in any of his closest friends.

At this time he was in his fortieth year; seven years later, in the 1910 Putumayo diary, the sexual entries become far more detailed. It has been suggested that this shows deterioration of character. The more likely explanation is that since most human beings do not have as much sex as they want or would be good for them, they have to seek relief by sublimation, either constructively or destructively. By becoming more specific Casement was counter-balancing his own natural reticence as well as public disapproval. The entries are extremely self-damaging; time-bombs planted by Casement himself (he left the diaries with his luggage in rooms in Ebury Street) which eventually exploded and helped to destroy him.

This is really their true significance, for self-damage is a major motif in Casement's life. If the head of the coin is his noble work for humanity in Africa and South America, the tail consists of his insanely dangerous sexual adventures in public parks (though his risks would probably be even greater today), the abandonment of his brilliant career, the way he made his valet-friend Christiansen, whom the British Consul in Oslo was trying to bribe to betray him, call again and again at the Consulate to find out just how much money would be offered him, and his final return to Ireland and certain death. And symbolically, ludicrously, he crowned all this by being found, when caught and searched, with a single ticket from Berlin to Wilhelmshaven and a piece of German sausage in his overcoat pocket.

The use made of the diaries by the British Government after Casement's conviction of treason was vile. They wanted neither a reprieve nor a martyr, so the diaries were unctuously hawked around the press, the White House, Buckingham Palace, even the Vatican. It wasn't enough that he should die a traitor, he must also die a pervert. After he was hanged the diaries were locked away, on the grounds that a man's character should not be further blackened after his death. Hypocrisy can go no further.

WALTER BAXTER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Panoramic

THERE HAS BEEN some discussion in the public press of the propriety of that interview in 'Panorama' (February 22) in which John Freeman quizzed Mr. Foulkes concerning certain recent events in the Electrical Trades Union. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of that matter—though as a general principle one is strongly in favour of the minimum of control and censorship of programme material that is consonant with order and decency. After all, Mr. Foulkes was in the studio voluntarily and was in a position to give as good as he got; and I would rate experienced interviewer versus experienced trades unionist as pretty even matching. Also the presentation was scrupulously objective and free of gimmickry: truth was left to out.

The 'Panorama' item on the Dominican Republic (March 14) seemed to me in a different category. The Republic is a sovereign state with whom we maintain friendly diplomatic relations. Special government facilities were extended to James Mossman to help him in the survey of the affairs of that demisland. Yet in the event we were simply served up a fierce attack upon the head of the state, remarkably naïve politically, and crudely angled, relying upon such threadbare exploitations of the pathetic fallacy as showing a shot of the Dominican sun setting and accompanying it with the portentous observation that 'Trujillo's sun is setting, too'. This sort of thing is surely too glib and arbitrary to take in any but political infants. Why not a picture of the Dominican sun rising and a cry that Trujillo's sun is rising too? Or of a Dominican volcano (if there be such) erupting, with the comment that Trujillo will erupt too when he learns how Mossman has

requited his hospitality? The possibilities are (are they not?) endless: and all equally specious. 'Panorama' is in danger of becoming bemused by its own image of itself as provocative, incorruptible, Robin-Hoodish, hard-hitting. Those are all excellent qualities; but *only* in relation to a legitimate object. Pursued as ends in themselves they can lead only into a wilderness of pointless pugnacity and weekly sensation-seeking.



'Panorama': Robert Kee interviewing the wife of a serviceman at an American Air Force station in England

Not that this 'Panorama' lacked other good material. Robert Kee provided a fascinating review of the domestic lives of American aircrews based in England: so hermetic are these, with schools, dollar-stores, and all kinds of entertainment provided within the camp limits, that most of the children seem to have scarcely set foot outside it, and certainly to have made no English friends. Contemplating this ridiculous squandering of a great cultural opportunity, one felt rather as must the Indians, say, who had to observe generation after generation of memsahibs turning their backs upon the fabulous imaginative wealth of a sub-continent in favour of sempiternal bridge and tiffin.

With the arrival of Lady Albemarle, Sir Harry Pilkington, and Mr. Davies as the new judges of 'On the Spot' (Thursday), the 'Get Ahead' competition has taken a great surge upward. Now at last the questions are pertinent, relevant, and searching—in the past they have all too often been almost farcically incompetent: a film would be shown of a contestant working with, and speaking of, his wife, and a judge would then ask him 'Are you married?'; or a judge would simply repeat an already answered question, to the embarrassed discomfiture of the unlucky victim. The new judges naturally now show up the weak spots in some

competitors' projects; but that is only fair to the others. This is a forcible reminder that, so far as the public entertainment value of contests is concerned, the quality of the judging is every whit as important as that of the contestants. The judges are in fact (and never let them forget it!) just as much on trial.

If 'On the Spot' was up, later that evening the 'Brains Trust' was sadly down. One hates to reiterate a tiresomely simple point but Brains means Brains, not public morality and water. The implication of such questions as 'If we forbid political indoctrination of children, why not religious indoctrination?', or 'If we allow open drinking-dens, why not prostitutes?' need not be accepted. But at least these are questions that require answering, not a woolly wash of pious platitudes.

The highlight of a week in which I was sadly prevented from seeing Orson Welles in 'Monitor' (March 13) was Sir Brian Horrocks's last 'Men of Action' (March 15). General MacArthur is a vast paradoxical and unmanageable subject in himself; but the other general moved in on him with devastatingly soldierly tactics and remained triumphantly in possession of the field.

I have received, by the way, letters expressing surprise that I should have lent my hand to the progressive defilement of the language by employing the word 'kiddies' (March 10). I was surprised myself. What I wrote was 'kiddiz', to imply my horror and execration of the epithet; but a kindly proof-reader put me right.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Stimulus or-Blight?

EUROVISION NOTWITHSTANDING, the British networks rarely give us a chance to see Continental programmes, and short of visiting the countries there seems to be no way of learning how their output compares with that of the Anglo-American *entente*.

Such a survey would be well worth making, not only for its intrinsic interest, but also for the practical issues it involves. What prospects, for instance, would there be for a script agency operating as an international clearing house? In theory it would seem to offer one way of relieving television's unappeasable hunger for new material. But we see so few Continental television plays that there is no knowing whether they would act on current programme standards as a stimulus or as a blight.

On the slender evidence of Renato Lelli's *Night on the Highway* (March 15) one would be inclined to drop the idea. Under the title *Sulle Strade di Notte* this play had some success in Italy, beginning as a stage piece and subsequently appearing on television and in the cinema. If a work as dim as this can carry off the prizes, what on earth must the also-rans be like?

Night on the Highway is an exercise on that inescapable theme of the nineteen-fifties, the middle-class delinquent. It was with a certain



Peter Jackson seen at work in the programme for schools 'Comic Drawings', in the series 'Stories in Pictures' on March 18



A scene from *Night on the Highway*, on March 15, with (left to right) George Pravda as Valerio Rossello, Isa Miranda as his wife Lucia, and Kenneth Cope as their son Maurizio

thiver of disquiet that one first learned about the adolescent hoodlum returning from his deeds of crime to take pot roast at the family ranch house. America wasn't his only home; he has popped up all over the place, profitably engaging the attention of a large number of writers. Rome, with its fabled ambience of elegant corruption, seems a peculiarly apt setting for him. Signor Celli, of course, does not see Rome through my tourist's eyes; he takes it for granted. But even so, he might have done something to relate his thrilly disputatious trio to an encompassing society. Nothing is more depressing in drama than the feeling that the visible characters are the only people in the world.

George R. Foa's production of his own English version certainly contributed to this impression. Rarely have I seen a set that remained so obstinately its literal self. In vain did its occupants converse by telephone and appear at the door in street clothes: there was nothing outside. The room, densely furnished as an Ideal Home stand, exhibited a collection of solid objects that never became the properties of drama. The same could be said of the text, its dialogue raising a dust-heap of dead information. What one wished to discover was why the son of a successful lawyer and a loving mother should have gone out to commit robbery with violence. This question was evaded by means of irrelevant argument between the parents, delayed disclosure of the crime (apparent from the son's first entry), and by shifting emphasis from the predicament of the son to the dilemma of the father.

Isa Miranda is a welcome visitor in any part; she had a few good moments of blazing vituperation at the outset and lent a decisiveness to the aimless tussle which followed. George Pravda, as the father, adopted a schoolmasterly sternness and self-disparagement which gave some point to the stilted formalities of translator's English. Slouching repeatedly to the threshold, Kenneth Cope played the son with glum intensity, all rebelliousness extinguished by guilt.

For those who can manage to see it I would recommend 'Twentieth

Century Drama', a schools' television companion to the Sunday evening series, and in some ways a more adventurous feature. Besides old favourites like Synge's *Riders to the Sea* (in which Dame Sybil Thorndike played a few weeks ago), there have been one-act rarities by O'Neill and the Soviet writer Mikhail Zoschenko which, while serving as a spring-board to larger works, have introduced children to plays for which there is no commercial platform.

A shortened two-part version of Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* ended last week with a distinct victory for the Romans. The languid, governessy countenance of David William's patrician, dyspeptically nibbling a grape as the crowd bayed for blood, gave the arena scene a splendid opening. Peter Bull's becfily effeminate Caesar and the blasé back-stage manner of Derek Ware's call boy came over with incisive comedy. By comparison the Christians, Clinton Greyn's volcanic Ferrovius apart, were a rather colourless lot. Among their number was television's latest victim of type casting, Terry Scully, whose searing performance last November as the wretched Private Hamp won him a similar part in Galsworthy's *Justice*, and has now led him to play the whining Spintho—the only Christian to fall foul of the lions.

The novel adaptations on Friday evenings are so reliable that one tends to think of them carrying on for ever with no variation in quality. But the current serialization of *Emma* really is exceptional. It has a sparkling modesty of style and deft excellence of scene construction. The parts are played with pure love: Harriet (Perlita Neilson) firmly resolving to burn a sentimentally treasured stub of pencil; Mrs. Elton (Georgina Cookson) grinding on inexorably about the splendours of Maple Grove—such episodes com-

bine exquisite expression with respect for the commonplace in a way that goes straight to the heart.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Much Battle

THIS HAS BEEN a heavy week for baptisms of fire, initiations into the brotherhood of battle, and discussions of varying degrees of intensity and intelligence of questions of bravery and cowardice. The theme itself quickly stimulates strong emotion, touches private neurosis, and triggers off public attitudes which are rarely rational. So the dramatist dealing with the subject must have clear purposes or a significant experience to offer if his work is not to be smothered in stock reactions.

The Red Badge of Courage (Third, March 15) was weighty and powerful, but kept reminding me of a steam-roller out of control. Stephen Crane meant to convey the muddle and 'inaccuracy' normal to war and to show that hysterical panic, reasoned courage, and hysterical heroism can live in the same person. He also threw in strong ingredients which neither mix nor fall into a meaningful pattern—ripe rhetoric about glory, bitter disgust at the stupidity and waste of life, herd behaviour, mutilation horrors, private kindness, and a little comedy. There should have been something for everybody, but it came out as a loud chaos. The problems of adapting this novel into a radio play may well be insoluble. High-flown description and narration tolerable from an omniscient storyteller sound false from a soldier 'thinking' in action. Dialogue itself can risk being far more literary on the page than in the voice. And, unjust though it is, a character explained through frequent soliloquy soon sounds as if he was working on a book instead of getting on with his job. It happened to Hamlet.

Nigel Stock carried the enormous part of Henry Fleming very well, but had much heavy poetic prose and many tangled reflections to move through. For that matter, most of the soldiery had to turn phrase-makers, from a general who shouted: 'The hammers of Hell on you if you waver', down to a tattered soldier who talked about the 'grey seal of death'. It was troublesome on several occasions not to

know whether marching men were advancing or retreating. The present practice of keeping the explanatory narrator out of the action of radio plays is honourable, but the fellow was genuinely needed in this one. When ignorant armies clash by night the eavesdropping listener could do with a guide through the noise and the people.

Having no previous knowledge of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* by Herman Wouk (Home, March 14) I greatly enjoyed its radio presentation. The special language, procedure, and pedantry of the court had their foreign charm. The story came out of the giving of evidence and the cross-examination neatly and believably, with plenty of suspense and surprise, and every character was a distinct miniature portrait with plausible motives and a personal habit of speech and thinking. The court-craft with which Lieutenant Greenwald (Sean Sullivan) protects his client against dangerous expert witnesses and his own foolishness, and lures the



Left to right, foreground: Clinton Greyn as Ferrovius, Roderick Cook as Androcles, Bob Stevenson as the Lion, and Peter Bull as the Emperor in Part II of Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, shown to schools on March 15

miserable tyrant Lieutenant-Commander Queeg (Malcolm Hayes) into exposing his mad fear and aggression as was prettily managed as a chess problem. The most remarkable and novel feat of the play was to present a young psychiatric witness (John Hollis) without caricature or piety and to get his terminology right. The switch at the end when Greenwald denounces a literary type for intriguing against Queeg was cunning, too. It allowed the audience to hate subversive intellectuals as well as harsh disciplinarians, which is luxury. I didn't quite see how Queeg had been defending American Jews against Hitler in peace-time or believe that anyone of his type would risk the appearance of cowardice in the presence of subordinates. But these are afterthoughts and arguable.

The heroine of *Between Deep Sea and the Devil* (Home, March 19) called the hero a 'windle-straw and a god-forgotten coward', although in fact 'a braver man never followed the sea'. But as this was a rustic romance by Eden Phillpotts everything was put right when the hero was tossed, by a prize bull. The peasantry were whimsical and strange of speech.

Murder on the Stairs by Dulcie Gray (Home, March 19) had little to do with human life or death, but got away from both with exceptional smoothness of production and professional acting. We were duly convinced that everybody was likely to have killed Gladys Young.

Both the 'Wednesday Matinée' pieces, *Two of a Kind* by Michael Brett and *Lord Mountdrago* after Somerset Maugham (Home, March 16), had impossible stage psychiatrists. I preferred the cheerful nonsense of *Two of a Kind* because in *Lord Mountdrago* there was a promising idea only half worked out. There was no head-shrinker, thank Heaven, in the 'Goon Show' repeat, but by chance it commented on the theme of the week in characteristic form. A brave fellow begging his superior officer for 'a chance to prove my manhood' was sent straight to the M.O.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Here and Now

ACTUALITY has been the order of the day; and the first topical programme was 'Ghana Since Independence' (Third Programme, March 13). I listened to this with a stiff upper lip and increasing despondency. It wasn't that Ghana didn't offer material enough for a documentary: we were promised the Prime Minister and the market-seller, the chief and the commoner, all presenting their opinions; and the programme could have been stimulating, visual, and instructive. As it was, it had as much appeal as a Government White Paper, and Mr. Austin, who presented it, sounded so weary he made me feel quite exhausted. A fine example of how not to produce a feature.

I had a gayer time on March 16 when I heard 'Water Alive' (Home Service): an impression of the British fishing industry. It was well and truly impressionist: Mr. Singer had an artist's eye for the autumnal colours of fish, for 'the decorative gaiety of plaice' and the taut diamonds of the outspread nets. He gave me some nice mental snapshots of fish auctions, of the fishermen gutting their freezing catch on deck in northern waters (a task which, he told us, a landsman would find almost unbearable). He contrived to get across quite a few statistics, quite a few marine facts and figures, with a touch of poetry as well; and when I heard the recordings made at sea I could almost taste the salt on my lips. There was only one lapse: a self-conscious amateur asking technical questions about the nets. For the rest, it was a sound,

vivid documentary which should add interest to the cod we take for granted on the slab.

The Home Service gave us more actuality later the same evening, when they introduced Elizabeth Bowen. I always enjoy 'Frankly Speaking', though I still resolutely contend that one interviewer is better than two or three. Miss Bowen's interview may not have been the most sparkling of the series, but it gave us some honest opinions of the literary Establishment; and I must give credit to Miss Bowen for doing something that I could never do in a series of lifetimes: touring the death-cells with the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, and agreeing, if necessary, to witness an execution.

During the past year the Features Department has been following public taste by giving more emphasis to the actual and contemporary. It demands unusual qualities of vision and decision to produce a stop-press feature before the hot news has turned cold, but this is one of the tasks the Department does especially well. On March 18 (Home Service) 'The Aftermath of Disaster' gave us a speaking likeness of Agadir. Relief, and the memory of fear, were still in survivors' voices as Mr. Burgess moved round with his tape-recorder. We could still feel the claustrophobic feeling of being trapped in wreckage, unable to see, and hardly able to breathe, turning to prayer or to the companionship of a lost watch ticking in the ruins. We heard (this was a good touch, I thought) the broadcast appeals for news of missing relatives, we sweltered at 90 degrees, and smelt the smell of corruption, and understood just a little of the human misery (a man who was soon to have his leg amputated and was still waiting for news of his wife and child). Mr. Burgess managed to set some individual stories in the Moroccan, indeed international context; and he even gave us a moment of bathetic humour: as an English survivor observed among the smoking ruins, it had all been 'something quite unusual'.

It was a decided relief to escape from the rubble of Agadir to a seaside village on the Cardigan coast; and on the Third Programme later that evening we had *Master Mariner*, the story of a small boy leaving home to go to sea. It is hard to hear any radio-impression of a Welsh village and not to refer it to the obvious: to Dylan Thomas, to his child's-eye memory of a Welsh Christmas and to *Under Milk Wood*. But, *toute proportion gardée*, I think the comparison can be made this time. Mr. A. Edward Richards conjured up his characters very deftly: mother, schoolmaster, preaching aunt, blunt sea-captain, and child. He juggled gaily with coloured words, and caught a tumbling stream of bright images. This, I felt, was pure sound radio: musical, visual, eloquent. I only wish we heard such examples more often.

Every week, as a footnote, I try to discuss a regular programme that escapes the usual net. This week the haul was sadly disappointing: a very dreary edition of 'Comment' (Third Programme, March 17). It was off-beat and second-rate, and the last thing it did was to send me to the play and the book in question. Would the scripts themselves have been readable? Perhaps they would. But oh, the difference between the radiogenic speaker and the rest! Oh, the difference between 'Comment' and the oracles I consult at 12.10 on Sunday mornings!

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Voices and Temperaments

THE LIEDER recital is a form that should be admirably suited to broadcasting, one would think—vocal chamber music that belongs in the home far more than in the halls where we usually have to hear it. There's a loss, of course, in not seeing the singer, for the

intimate art of putting over a song involves more than mere singing—but then, how many times in the concert-hall has one not seen a fine musical performance spoilt by an arch or over-theatrical gesture, or even (with the ladies) by hideous dress? The wireless spares us these hazards and leaves us free to concentrate on essentials.

In any case the series of recitals in honour of Hugo Wolf's centenary have made most rewarding listening. Earlier singers had included such comparatively well-known names as Heinrich Rehfuss and Ilse Wolf; last week (Third, March 15) it was the turn of a young American baritone who is not yet well known here, I think, though I am sure he will be. Every voice and temperament has its limitations, of course, and Barry McDaniel was more impressive in the darker songs, such as the four religious pieces from the Spanish Song-book with which he began. Neither the tremulous stillness of *Verstorbene Liebe* nor the brusque humour of the first *Soldat* song were quite so vividly realized, but for all this McDaniel is clearly a lieder-singer to watch (or rather, listen to) and I hope we shall have a chance of hearing him again soon, particularly in Brahms, to whom he should be admirably suited. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has shown in recent years how large a repertory there is for an intelligent singer with this type of voice.

One of the cycles Fischer-Dieskau has helped to reclaim for the baritones is Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*; the words, and Mahler's own practice in the early performances, should make clear that these are really a man's songs, but the tradition has grown up of giving them to a contralto. Unfortunately an overcrowded timetable prevented me from hearing most of Renée Kalm's performance the previous evening (Third, March 14), but to judge by *In dieser Wetter* it must have been a finely expressive one. Certainly Walter Goehr and the London Symphony Orchestra went on after the interval to give an excellently idiomatic account of the Fourth Symphony. So often one hears Mahler performances (and I'm sure we shall hear more before the centenary year is at an end) in which the music's sudden contrasts—of dynamics, tempo, of phrasing—are ironed out; sometimes it is the conductor's lack of energy that is at fault, sometimes an excess of it without a corresponding sensibility. Goehr's meticulous attention to the details of the score may have struck some listeners, used to broader interpretations, as finicky, but in fact he never sacrificed the over-all impetus of the music. In the final *Teresa Stich-Randall* sang the child's vision of heaven exquisitely if, to my taste, rather ethereally, and this was altogether as worthy a contribution to the centenary celebrations as I have yet heard.

Our education in the music of the so-called 'second Viennese school' continued with two important works last week. Berg's settings of aphoristic postcards from Peter Altenberg cannot have been familiar to many people; after the fracas at the first performance Berg seems to have become discouraged, and the orchestral score was never even printed. But with the steady growth of interest in Schönberg and his pupils they are at last receiving performance even though they demand a vast orchestra for a mere ten minutes' music. As far as I could judge, Irma Kolassi's performance with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (a recording of which was repeated in the Third last Saturday) was a good one—immensely attractive, at least, on a merely sensuous level. My only doubts sprang from the fact that Rudolf Schwarz later gave such a limp and unmeaningful performance of Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony, for the world as if it were in a language he did not understand.

There would have been some excuse for this if he had been conducting Schönberg's Variations for Orchestra (Third, March 18). This is an immensely difficult work to perform—not that it makes such complex technical demands as, say, the music of Boulez and Stockhausen, but it is still sufficiently close to the traditional expressive language of music to demand interpretation as opposed to mere performance. I rather than the B.B.C. had gone to some trouble to find a recording of the work worth broadcasting, but in fact the version they chose (by the Norddeutscher Rundfunk orchestra under

Lorin Maazel) was far from accurate. Tempi were in general too slow, ensemble shaky, and balance far from satisfactory. Perhaps the commercial record made by Robert Craft, dry and unexpressive though it is, might have given listeners a more accurate impression of a work that in spite (not because) of its complexity is clearly a masterpiece.

The programme of 'The Thursday Invitation Concert' (Third, March 17) seemed designed to show up both the virtues and the limitations of the London Bach Society. Their rhythmic verve and attack produced admirable results in Bach's

Singet dem Herrn but Victoria's *Officium Defunctorum* calls for a less vertical, more horizontal approach: its forward impetus is generated far more by the rhythm of the individual voice-parts than by the harmonic movement. This, and the unsatisfactory internal balance of the choir, probably explain why this fine work made so perfunctory an effect, in spite of the efforts made to retain its liturgical shape. The women's voices sounded well in Stravinsky's *Cantata*, in which they were joined by Janet Baker and Richard Lewis.

JEREMY NOBLE

Pagan Aspects of Sacred Music

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

The Requiems of Fauré and Dvořák will be broadcast at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday, March 29 (Third) and 8.0 p.m. the following day (Home) respectively, 'The Dream of Gerontius' at 7.35 p.m. on Saturday, April 2 (Third)



'GOD DOES NOT LOVE music in itself', reads an astonishing pronouncement by an eleventh-century theologian. 'He grants its existence from pity for man's weaknesses and from pity for man's immaturity'. An image of an ironic or a sceptical divinity, almost in the nature of an other-worldly Voltaire! Yet if we take into account the secular, not to say materialist, nature of much sacred music, this is also a tolerant and kindly image. Surely none but an extremely tolerant godhead could be expected to embrace works as diverse as the Requiem of Verdi, 'his finest opera', the *Grande Messe des Morts* of Berlioz, with its frankly pagan associations, the nationalist *German Requiem* of Brahms, and, more recently, Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, dedicated both to the glory of God and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Probably this image of a godhead, both condemnatory and tolerant, was a reflection of a root conflict in ecclesiastical music, namely the rival claims of the sacred and the secular styles. So long as a secular style could be absorbed into the music of the church this conflict could be ignored. But at the end of the nineteenth century few religious works remained unaffected by Wagner, and Wagnerian allegiances in religious music presented a delicate psychological problem. In Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, which recalls *Parsifal*, and, to a lesser extent, Dvořák's Requiem, which has as one of its main themes an echo from *Tristan*, there are Wagnerian undercurrents that flow straight into the domain of modern psychology.

On both the musical and the literary planes *Parsifal* and *Gerontius* have affinities that are worth looking into. The strange and original poem by Cardinal Newman on which Elgar's work is founded may nowadays be out of fashion, but it anticipated the vein of religious poetry explored by T. S. Eliot in which psychological and religious symbols were one. Which is to say that Newman's poem goes far beyond its immediate purpose of presenting the mind of a dying man of the Catholic faith, the scene of judgment to which he is called, and the promise of divine revelation. This was the orthodox façade of the poem. Behind this façade Newman's poem, as its title suggests, is a dream in the sense that *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a dream; not an unconscious dream, but a mystical ideal, a vision.

This being so, it is curious that Elgar should have cut Newman's two references to the dream, the one spoken by the soul of Gerontius and the other by the Angel. The cautious Edwardian composer also omitted passages of symbolical associations that bring us very near the psycho-

logy of the guilt-ridden Kundry in *Parsifal*, those, for instance, that suggest Kundry's preoccupation with the pleasure of pain and of an inflicted wound. In one of these omitted passages the Angel speaks to the soul of Gerontius of 'that keen and subtle pain', and of a memory that 'will the wound provoke and aggravate and widen it the more'. Not for nothing was Newman's sensuous poem admired by Swinburne. Nor would it have been distasteful to another poet of pagan and Christian allegiances, Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is significant that in its French translation, *Le Songe de Gerontius*, it was warmly admired by Paul Claudel who, in a letter of 1906, refers to it as 'un poème psychagogique admirable'. 'There are surprising similarities', he says, 'between certain parts of this poem and some of my own works and ideas'. The interesting point here is that this observation was made by Claudel at the very time when the great Catholic writer was engaged on *Partage de Midi*, his most revolutionary play, the hymn of a pagan in praise of adulterous love.

Newman's *Gerontius* became widely known abroad; Elgar's oratorio less so. I am not suggesting that this was because some of the more daring passages in the poem were suppressed; it was more likely to have been because something vital was omitted from the spirit of the music. Elgar's *Gerontius* has some noble pages. But one cannot avoid the feeling that the score is primarily haunted by the redemption and 'guileless' motives of *Parsifal*; not, significantly, by the sinful Amfortas motives, nor by those associated with the guilty Kundry. Nor are there echoes, in this score of *Parsifal* associations, of the voluptuous flower maidens' music.

The French version of *Gerontius* was known to Claudel; and the German version to an artist of an entirely different outlook, Dvořák. We learn this from the introduction to the 1907 edition of Newman's poem, where we read that a German translation of it was presented to Dvořák by one of the Fathers at the Oratory at Birmingham on the occasion of Dvořák's visit to the Birmingham Festival in 1885. 'The composer expressed his satisfaction at the subject given to him, but, in the event, nothing more came of his visit'. Not surprisingly, since from all accounts Dvořák's religious nature was based on a simple, unquestioning acceptance. The interplay of religious and psychological symbolism was outside his sphere of experience. His Requiem, first performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1891, is a broad, melodious work, fluent, well constructed, and often dramatic. Its fault is that some sections are overlong and

repetitive. It also inclines to be instrumental rather than vocal in style. Its single Wagnerian association consists of the use of a death motive reintroduced in the course of the work in the manner of a leitmotif. It is a chromatic theme bearing only a pale resemblance to the opening bars of the *Tristan* prelude.

In other words, an extrovert Requiem, assertive and confident in mood. We enter an entirely different world with the rose-coloured chamber Requiem of Fauré, all hushes and sighs, greatly cherished in England over the last generation or so. In his biography of his father Philippe Fauré points out that when this charming funereal music was first performed in 1886 a parallel was drawn between its pagan spirit and the aesthetic of an early play by Anatole France, *Les Noces Corinthiennes* (known in English as *The Bride of Corinth*). The aesthetic of the Parnassian movement is illustrated in this play, the subject being a deceased Christian girl in ancient Greece who, brought back to life by her pagan lover, becomes enamoured of him and betrays the spirit of Christianity. It was not suggested that Fauré's Requiem, written in memory of his father, was in any way a tribute to the Greek bride of Anatole France. But it was suggested, and I think rightly, that Fauré had written a work inspired by a sceptical attitude to the rites of the church—though he was a church organist we have it on his son's authority that he was not a believer—and which turned out to be wholly in keeping with the exquisite philosophy of Anatole France.

As an insight into the Parnassian world to which Fauré belonged, *Les Noces Corinthiennes* is certainly worth reading. Analogies between the delicate cameos out of which Fauré's Requiem is built and the voluptuous encounters of Anatole France's play are clear enough. Even more striking is the resemblance between the aesthetic of Anatole France and that of Fauré. 'As long as man suckles at the breast of woman', France wrote in the preface to his play, 'he will be initiated into some divine mystery. He will dream. Is not the destiny of men to be plunged into a state of perpetual illusion? And is not this illusion the very condition of life?' With words such as these, and with Fauré's dreamy, delicately sensuous music which so perfectly matches them, we are in sight again of the medieval theologian who insisted that there was no reason to assume that music was relished by God for its own sake; and that in view of man's perpetual state of illusion He deigned to grant the existence of music on earth from pity for man's weaknesses.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Knuckle of Bacon

THE CHEAPER CUTS of meat and bacon can be almost as tasty as the expensive joints if one takes the time to cook them with care and extra attention. I have tried this myself successfully with brisket and boiling beef and with stewing lamb, and when I recently saw some knuckles of bacon at 1s. 6d. a lb. I bought a piece weighing 2 lb. There was not, of course, 2 lb. of meat on the knuckle, for it had a long bone running right through, but there was enough meat for me to be tempted to see how it would taste if I cooked it with special care.

I soaked it for twenty-four hours to get rid of most of the salt, changing the cold water from time to time. I put it on in a large saucepan, covered it with cold water, added a few peppercorns (no salt), and a sliced onion, and brought it slowly to boiling point, then simmered it very gently for about two hours, until it was obvious that the skin was ready to pull off easily. I left the knuckle in the water until it had cooled a little, to make handling easier, and then pulled off all the thick outer skin. I scored the fat with a sharp pointed knife, in a criss-cross pattern to form rather wide diamonds; popped a clove into each diamond; sprinkled the whole with fine brown sugar, and laid it on a sheet of aluminium kitchen-foil in a casserole. Before folding the foil over to seal the bacon entirely, I poured over about a cupful of cider, and then folded

the foil to make it like a neat parcel. Some of the cider ran into the casserole, but enough was held in the foil to keep the bacon moist. I had heated my oven while I was doing this, and I let the casserole stay in the hot oven for twenty minutes to half an hour while I cooked potatoes and swedes. The knuckle was delicious and provided enough meat for two meals for two people.

If you do not like cider, you can use beer (or ginger-beer), or white wine.

MOLLY WEIR

—'Today' (Home Service)

Chicory Salad

To make chicory into an attractive salad, clean it, cut it in half lengthways, then cut into small pieces, and mix it well with a French dressing or a mayonnaise. You can add chopped eating apples or tomatoes; or make a chicory and fish salad with cooked, diced potatoes, onion, parsley, fish cut into small pieces, and decorated with sliced eggs.

ANNE WILD

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

ALEX COMFORT (page 523): Honorary Research Associate in Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, London University; author of *The Pattern of the Future, Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State*, etc.

RAGHAVAN IYER (page 526): Research Fellow, St. Antony's College, Oxford University

WILLIAM GOLDING (page 531): novelist; author of *Lord of the Flies, The Inheritors, Pincher Martin, Free Fall*, etc.

RICHARD SOUTHERN (page 533): Theatre Consultant; Director, Theatre Planning Department, British Centre of International Theatre Institute; author of *The Georgian Playhouse, Changeable Scenery, The Medieval Theatre in the Round*, etc.

SIR ADRIAN BOULT (page 536): Chairman, Board of Trustees, London-Philharmonic Orchestra; Conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, 1930-50; author of *A Handbook on the Technique of Conducting*

PENELOPE MORTIMER (page 538): author of *A Villa in Summer, The Bright Prison, Daddy's Gone a-Hunting*, etc.

REV. E. J. TINSLEY (page 539): Lecturer-in-Charge, Department of Theology, Hull University

JOANNA RICHARDSON (page 548): author of *Fanny Brawne, Théophile Gautier*, etc.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER (page 557): critic and musicologist; author of *Debussy, French Musical Writing*, etc.

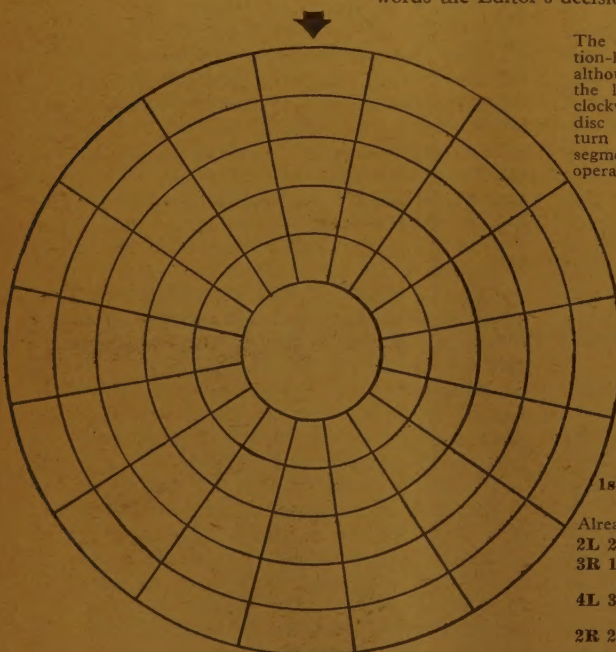
Crossword No. 1,556

Ruffles Strikes Again

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 31. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The diagram represents the five discs on a safe's combination-lock. Each disc allows for sixteen letters to be inserted although on each disc some spaces are left blank. To operate the lock, one turn either right (clockwise) or left (anti-clockwise) sets the outer disc; another turn sets the next disc; the fifth turn sets the inner disc. The following turn then sets the outer disc for the next combination. The segment beneath the arrow is the only portion seen by the operator.

When Ruffles faced this safe, he decided to try a number of combinations—in the order his manipulations are listed. He found that after setting each combination a river of five, four, or three letters appeared beneath the arrow. When a river was of four or three letters, the remaining space(s) were blanks—these falling anywhere in the five possible places. The resultant rivers are clued, and each clue contains an anagram of its river—starting with the first letter of a word or ending with the last letter of a word.

Besides completing the diagram, solvers are required to name the river which opens the safe and to declare the contents.

Turns

1st, 2nd, 3rd,
4th, 5th

Already set on dial: It proved to be a peaceful bird

2L 2R 1L 2L 1R. Whisky distilled by a lawless lawyer?

3R 1L 2R 1R 3L. For what reason, we hear, the yew is dismembered

4L 3L 5L 5R 3L. A sign of German nobility for a novelist

2R 2L 1R 6R 2L. This river is found to be roaming through Spain

3L 3R 2R 2R 4L. Busking without Crosby is skulduggery

4L 5R 3R 1L 2R. Get a portent on leaving New Jersey's capital

2L 2R 1L 2R 3L. An Egyptian divinity is Sinbad

1R 3L 6L 6L 1L. Ben Hur really was affluent—in Germany

5R 2R 4L 7L 3R. Our ears tell us it's the smell of rodents

5L 5L 3R 3L 3R. A biologist's bright broad sash

3L 6L 6R 3R 7L. 'E leaves the team evenly numbered

2R 1L 7R 7L 2R. It undisputedly runs through Cashmere

Key river..... Contents.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 3R 4L 2R 1L 6R. A glove from where you'd expect find a boatman
- 1L 6R 1L 5L 1R. Golfers use them on steep inclines
- 3L 5L 3L 2R 3L. His mistress is before him
- 2L 1L 1R 6L 2R. Have tea in Goal Oh, my giddy goat
- 5L 2R 2L 2R 3R. This admiral flies dreadfully
- 2L 6R 1L 3R 4R. Enervate a bird
- 3L 3R 6R 2R 7L. Physicist Alessandro invented a vometer
- 2L 5R 4L 4L 2R. In Soho I find Columbus in this street
- 3L 5L 7L 3L 1R. Abraham's nephew had much to learn
- 2L 1R 3R 4L 2R. Although it sounds like a prong, it is plenty of shipping
- 2L 4L 1L 1L 3R. This port was called Plymouth Devon on devious occasions
- 3L 5L 3R 1L 16R. It can break a duck at least—though unarguable
- 3L 1R 1L 1L 8L. Found in Donegal (but not in Eire) has no eagre
- 2R 2R 1L 5L 5L. I'm leaving an Arctic aboriginal with nothing but leeks!
- 1L 7L 1R 3L 3L. He needed much energy to write 'The Making of England'
- 1R 4L 7L 4L 3L. There's nothing to handle so Euteretia retires
- 5L 3R 3L 5R 1L. Archaic counsel—for those suffering from greed?
- 5R 6L 1L 1L 4R. OPENS SAFE

Solution of No. 1,554

M E R I T E D T R U S S E R
O P I S O M E T E R T U N E
T I V I T E M B R A S U R E S
I S O S T A T I C A P A C E
V O S G E S A S H C O P E N
A D E R N S P A T H R U S T
T E P I D P H Y S I C I S M
I T A L I A N A T E L I S I E
O I L S P H E N O M E N O N
N E M E S I S T A N G E N T

NOTES

The 'otiose' clues had as the second letter of each word the letters of their lights. The 'non-otiose' clues were paired as follows: Across: 1, 32; 15, 34; 23, 24; 26, 28, 35; 29, 19; 40, 37; 41, 7.

Down: 5, 6; 8, 20; 9, 13; 11, 10; 12, 43; 18, 1 down; 21, 14; 23, 2; 25, 31; 26, 4; 27, 42; 29, 16; 33, 3; 36, 38, 17.

1st prize: Mrs. J. R. Nicol (London, S.W.1); 2nd prize: A. G. Doig (London, S.W.3); 3rd prize: Miss Mary R. Mason (Altrincham)

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'A SILENT TRUMPET'

By PODALIRIUS

Advertising is lies. We all know that now, and a few politicians know it better than the rest of us. No wonder that committees are always being set up to plumb the depths of advertising mendacity, or that their soundings are widely publicised. Why, even this column is, I understand, the harbinger of an advertisement, and so might be worth investigating for un-British leanings. Meanwhile, it should certainly be taken with a large pinch of salt.

No pinches of salt, though, for politics, which is not a business but an art—the art of the possible. Art is, we all recognise, always crammed with as much truth as can be got into it. Young artists—and therefore presumably young politicians—starve, while cramming, in attics. Whether they starve in them because they tell the truth or *vice versa* one is never sure.

Art, that cornucopia of truth, is, however, but one element in our definition of politics. The other element, "of the possible," does carry undertones. Not "of the desirable" or "the ideal," but of the merely possible.

Well, to get down to earth, certain politicians do keep telling us that the NHS drug bill is too high; it simply lines the pockets of the wicked drug manufacturers, to whose advertising most of the trouble is due. Less publicised than this wholesome expression of opinion is the recently announced fact that in 1957/58 the average hospital bed cost £22 per week, and that to this sum drug costs contributed 14s. 9d.

The final report of the Hinchcliffe Committee on prescribing costs speaks of "the totally inadequate publicity given to the remarkable saving in life, improvement in health, increase in efficiency, and saving on expensive institutional treatment which all stem from, among other things, the use of new drugs." Will that same vocal handful of politicians now tellingly publicise them? You may ask why the drug manufacturers, those adepts at advertising and publicity, have not already done so. Good taste apart, could they perhaps, being in the thick of the battle for new drugs, have felt that some victories are so clear they need no trumpets? And why, in any case, waste breath blowing on a trumpet while others publicise their view that all one's notes are false? Oh, do pass that salt, somebody.

* * *

Well played, Podalirius! The notes, from your trumpet at least, ring out clear and true. Newly discovered drugs are certainly working wonders. But luckily for most of us there is seldom the need to call on them for our general good health—even though our present-day diet can easily lack nutrients vital to our well-being. For we can make up common nutritional deficiencies simply and pleasantly with Bemax. Why Bemax? Because it's stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It contains high concentration of the B-complex, approximately 27% protein (as much as lean beef) and generous amounts of iron. Try sprinkling a little Bemax on your fruit or breakfast cereal each day. You can get it from chemists.

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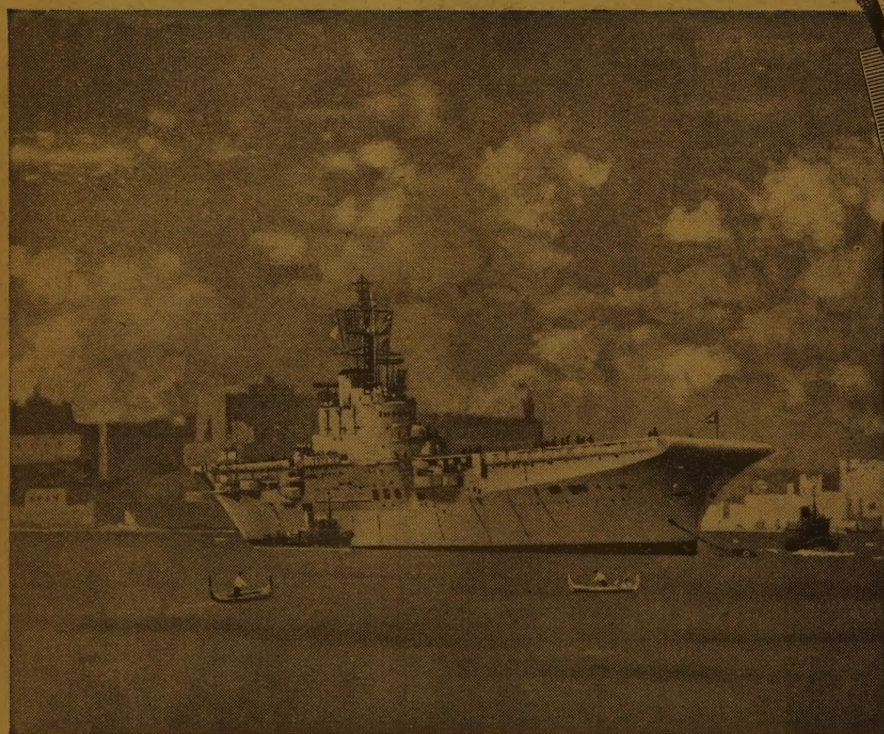
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